The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1923 No. 3040

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 1170 People's Gas Building. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: Ernest Thurtle, 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N. W. 4, England.

THE Coolidge Administration seems to be faring no better when it comes to the approval of the voters than did that of Mr. Harding. In the first Congressional election under the new President a Democrat, Sam B. Hill, has been sent to the House from the Fifth District of Washington, a bailiwick that in 1920 elected a Republican by a majority of 10,000 and in 1922 selected a member of the same party by 2,000. Nor was Charles E. Myers, Mr. Hill's opponent, any Old Guardsman; he was a Roosevelt Republican with a fairly progressive record. But he ran on the Harding-Coolidge policies, and that killed him. On the other hand, discontent rather than Democracy elected Mr. Hill. His platform contained an economically absurd and practically impossible declaration in favor of a government-fixed price of $1.75 a bushel for wheat, which probably gave him support from the group which two years previously cast 3,000 votes for a Farmer-Labor candidate. Mr. Hill will adhere to the farm bloc in Congress, but will he contribute sanity or wisdom to its political counsels?

PIRACY is not dead. Five armed men boarded a ship in the East River, off Brooklyn, the other day, gagged the crew, and made off with $11,000 worth of platinum; and Italy is pirating on a larger scale. She has evacuated Corfu—pirates seldom care to hold on to the ships they seize or the lands they terrorize; but she has evacuated at a cost of 50,000,000 liras and her own honor. The world will not soon forget that because unidentified brigands killed an Italian mission on Greek territory Italy bombarded an almost undefended port, killing women and children, and held it for ransom. Nor will it soon forget that the League of Nations pusillanimously permitted Italy to override it and that the Western Powers did no more than save their faces. First they persuaded Greece to deposit in a Swiss bank the sum Italy demanded, to be paid to Italy only if it were proved that Greece had not done her best to capture the assassins; then, without waiting for such proof, they yielded to Mussolini's threat and delivered the swag—a fifth of which he has since returned for the relief of the orphans he bombarded. Some say that the League, or the Council of Ambassadors, prevented European war—but war between Italy and Greece was about as likely as war between Haiti and the United States; and Italy left Corfu not because of the League, but because of the strategic interests of France and Britain in the Mediterranean.

THE Latin American republics continue to poke their heads into the noose of Wall Street control. The latest announcement is that Salvador has negotiated with a New York Stock Exchange house for $6,000,000 for twenty-five years at 8 per cent. The conditions are not yet announced, in advance of which one can only surmise what measure of political control Salvador is ceding. At the same time the Minister from Nicaragua leaves Washington to return home, it is said, for a conference with his Government in regard to an American loan, while agents of President Orellana of Guatemala are reported to be in this country to ascertain the possibilities of a bond issue, the last proposal of that nature having been rejected by the Guatemalan Congress after everything seemed to have been sewed up for pushing it through. Well, every man and doubtless every nation has a right to choose its own kind of bondage. Only, we would feel better about these Latin American loans if it were not for evidence that a few self-constituted and self-seeking "leaders," natives of those countries working hand in glove with our own citizens, generally manage to choose the bondage which thousands of simple-minded "followers" have thenceforward to endure.

THE official inquiry into the disaster on the California coast in which twenty-three sailors were drowned and seven destroyers totally wrecked has done nothing to increase public confidence in the personnel of the Navy. The officers on trial stuck to one story and by one another

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with a tenacity characteristic of the service, denying the presence of liquor or any other breach of discipline. The commander of the squadron, Captain Watson, magnanimously took upon himself all blame for the tragedy, saying that in disregarding the position of the destroyers as given by the radio compass from Point Arguello and in assuming the correctness of his bearings as indicated by dead reckoning he had acted upon his best judgment developed after many years of sea service. The radio compass is not yet a wholly proved device and Captain Watson may have been justified in suspecting it (although in fact it turned out to have been right), but what excuse is there for other, and greater, negligence? How explain the fact that no soundings were taken, although this is admittedly the navigator's best check on his position when near shore? And, still worse, what possible palliation is there for dashing through a fog at twenty miles an hour, a speed which would have been foolhardy and illegal under the international code even if the squadron had been hundreds of miles from a rockbound coast?

THE strike of the pressmen of the New York City dailies is over, and a public dazed and disturbed by abbreviated newspapers has gone back to the oblivion of the fireside story, the slapstick comics, and Aunt Jenny's beauty hints while riding back and forth to work. The joint pressure of the publishers and the international union was too much for the New York local. It lost its fight and its charter, although most of the individual members have regained their jobs upon considerably improved conditions. As soon as they abandoned the pretense of a "combined" newspaper and began to increase their size the various dailies resumed their editorial pages, whereupon the New York *Times* proceeded to lecture the irreverent critics—*The Nation* was one—who had suggested that in this omission the publishers had tacitly recognized and dropped out the least important of their features. No, said the *Times*, the reason for the omission was that as "combined" newspapers they could not have an editorial policy. This, as Mr. Dooley would say, is interesting if true. But how true is it? The fact is that all the newspapers maintained their characteristic style of heads and make-up and did their best to retain their individual features. Even a casual reader could tell them apart at a glance, and if he had any doubt it was dissipated by such explanatory lines as "Copyright, 1923, by the New York Times Company."

A PARTICULARLY disgraceful case of judicial persecution neared its end the other day when all but two of the series of indictments brought against members of the Kuzbas Organization Committee in New York City were dismissed. This committee sponsored in the United States the effort at industrial pioneering with whose history readers of *The Nation* are familiar. A group of disgruntled colonists who resented the fact that they found themselves privates instead of generals in Siberia returned to this country last spring and discovered that newspapers and propaganda groups such as the National Civic Federation were ready to record them as heroes in return for elaboration of their personal woes into a general condemnation of the soviet system. Naturally their woes grew apace, and all the members of the Kuzbas committee were soon indicted for larceny—the colonists complained that they had accepted money on false pretenses. The newspapers made it a front-page story; the defendants were held in $7,500 bail each, an absurdly high figure. The efforts of the defense attorneys to force a trial for the remaining two indictments will doubtless be vain. The damage has been done; the effect has been gained.

WHEN the warden of one of the world's greatest prisons declares his opposition to capital punishment it is clearly not the opinion of a theorist but the view of what we like to call a "practical" man. Hence we are glad to see Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing taking a stand against this survival of barbarism, because his words may appeal to persons who attach no weight to similar declarations from other quarters. Mr. Lawes, speaking from a wide experience with criminals and from a knowledge of conditions in those of our States which do not as well as those which do have the death penalty, has come to the conclusion that it is no deterrent to crime. He goes on to say that if there is any merit in capital punishment as a deterrent, then we ought to make executions public spectacles—as in earlier days—and so reap the widest benefit possible. The argument is logical, but of course we shall not act upon it. The question is how soon we are going to adopt the only logical alternative and abolish the death penalty throughout the Union.

WHEN death has come into the house it is well to forget old scores and put aside suspicion of people who seek to help you. Japan in her time of tragedy and terror was offered the help and the pity of the whole world, and accepted that of everyone but her neighbor, Russia. On September 15 the Russian ship Lenin sailed into the harbor at Yokohama carrying sixty-nine doctors and nurses and a load of medical supplies for the relief of Japanese workers; the authorities refused to allow it to dock. The Japanese Embassy at Washington explained that "the assistance brought was intended for laborers only" and that "the relief mission looked upon the disaster as a providential opportunity for furthering the revolutionary movement." Thus, on the basis of a suspicion of motives that could not possibly be proved, and without even attempting to impose conditions which would eliminate danger of discrimination or propaganda, the Japanese Government refused assistance that might have saved some thousands of her people. What if it was limited to workers? There were enough lives to be saved so that a little extra aid for the poorest and most helpless should hardly have been scorned. And what if propaganda were to be distributed with the medicine and the care? Did the Japanese Government prefer to have its workers dead rather than let them read a communist tract?

SINCE citizenship in the United States may be extended only to "free white persons" and "aliens of African nativity" and "persons of African descent" the Supreme Court probably could not do otherwise than refuse naturalization to a high-caste Hindu of Indian blood. Even in India this decision was received with sorrow but with little protest. It is plain that according to the common meaning of the wholly unscientific term "white person," a native East Indian must be ruled out. It is equally plain that he cannot qualify as a Negro. Nor would it be reasonable or just to grant citizenship to Indians while denying it to Japanese,

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Chinese, Siamese, Koreans, and other Orientals with skin darker than our own. Protests must be directed against a law which shuts out from the fellowship of Americans all persons, however desirable, who happen to be neither white nor—ironical exception!—black.

PROTESTS should also be directed against the probable effects of a decision like this. The Government has already prepared petitions asking for the cancelation of naturalization papers of Indians who came to the United States and became citizens years before the Naturalization Act became law. The constitutionality of such proceedings will certainly have to be tested in the courts; it seems to us unthinkable that the law can be used retroactively to disfranchise persons who met the existing citizenship requirements and were naturalized in good faith according to the law as it then stood. Even more serious is the possibility of applying the California Anti-Alien Land Law to Indians owning property in that State and dispossessing them on the basis of their ineligibility for citizenship. The United States has protested loudly enough against the enactment of retroactive confiscatory legislation against foreigners—when we happened to be the foreigners. Will we guard with equal fidelity the property rights of foreigners on our own shores?

NOT many town councils get a chance to figure in the religious history of mankind, but the Bombay Municipal Corporation may now claim that distinction. According to the Indian newspapers the Bombay Municipal Corporation "after a three days' heated debate" has squelched the Parsee "reformers" who sought to substitute cremation for the historic Parsee method—that of leaving the dead to be consumed by vultures in their Towers of Silence. The Bombay papers are curiously reticent about the theological arguments, pro and con, but state the issue clearly enough. The "reformers" who had organized the Parsee Cremation Society asked for a plot of municipal ground on Love Grove Road on which to erect "a crematorium and fire temple for the use of such Parsees as favor this method of disposal of the dead." Against this suggestion the majority threw itself with passion; crowds attended the debates in the corporation and the chairman "had the greatest difficulty in preserving order." Finally, when the corporation rejected the plea of the "reformers" the majority "threw umbrellas and hats in the air" and "carried their champion from the hall on their shoulders." It sounds very much like stories which we have heard from some Christian countries.

MR. STANLEY ROWLAND, writing in the *Nineteenth Century*, complains that London has become a very inferno of noise; besides the ordinary door-slamming, shoe-squeaking, and newspaper rattling that infest any household, Mr. Rowland, evidently a sensitive man, hates jazz and motor horns and the clump of horses' feet on pavements. To the New Yorker, whose nerves are no longer able to jump at anything, attuned as they are to five-ton trucks tearing over cobblestones at three o'clock in the morning, this complaint comes as something of a surprise. London has always seemed to him a soothing and gentle spot—as soothing and gentle, say, as White Plains or New Rochelle. And yet, alas, White Plains, that placid hamlet, is no longer gentle; for several years it has been the stop-over for thousands of grackles on their way South. They roost on the trees and make a ridgepole along the top of the City Hall; and being vigorous birds that do not know fatigue, they emit and keep on emitting a noise somewhat like that generated when heavy brown paper is torn in two. In vain the Mayor and the nerve-racked citizens have fired rockets and sent up flares; the birds refuse to be dislodged or quieted. The latest remedy suggested is to import hoot owls to scare them away. This, of course, is ample proof that while the White Plainers have heard grackles cackle they have never been favored with a hoot owl's hoot. Any New Yorker who has would smile and drop to sleep, soothed by the thought that he had only a truck to listen to.

ONE discovers that willows grow to a man's height and that vegetables can be grown in Greenland with something of the same shock with which one learns that most of the Sahara is high, mountainous country. Most of us will be even more surprised on learning, from the fascinating story told in the *American Scandinavian Review*, that Greenland has ruins of eleventh-century churches, and that a Danish commission two years ago dug out of the frozen soil there fifteenth-century costumes very like the Paris and Florentine fashions of the period. No European museum, Poul Nörlund tells us, possesses a single secular costume dating from the Middle Ages; the polar climate of Greenland saved these garments from decomposition. There was not wood enough in Greenland for coffins; so the Norse colonists wrapped their dead in their old clothes, laid carved wood or walrus-tusk crosses upon their breasts, and lowered them into the cold ground. Men and women both wore skirted dresses in those days, but the men's were shorter and the women's fuller—some four yards full at the feet.

IT was Eric the Red, father of that Leif Ericson who discovered "Vinland" somewhere in present-day Canada or New England nearly half a millennium before Columbus sighted American soil, who first settled Greenland, in 986. Twenty-five ships set sail with him from Iceland—long Viking ships, open amidships to the sky, and loaded down with cattle and grainsacks as well as humans—but only fourteen of them ever reached Greenland. For five hundred years—a longer period than that between Columbus's discovery and our own day—Norsemen lived in Greenland. During most of that time Greenland had its own Christian bishop and a republican form of government. At one time 5,000 Norsemen lived there. But the Greenland trade became a monopoly of the King of Norway, and ships sailed thither more and more rarely. The last recorded voyage was in 1410. For perhaps a century more the Norse Greenlanders lived on, staring their eyes out looking for the ship that never came—they had no wood to build their own—and, as the skeletons in their graveyards show, becoming physically degenerate by intermarriage and undernourishment, stunted and hunchbacked. A Norwegian missionary who searched for them in 1721 found only small brown Kayak men in possession of the land. The Norse houses were already in ruins. A whole civilization had died—yet today we are thrilled by the death of one man on Wrangel Island, no further north than these Norsemen penetrated. Our ships are better and our knowledge greater; but where are the men today to match those Norsemen who sailed without compass on an uncharted sea?

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The Death of a Nation

POINCARE has his way; Germania delenda est. Reparations are not being paid; reconstruction is delayed; anger and hatred, the seeds of future war, are scattered broadcast. But Germany is being destroyed.

Bavaria already stands apart from Northern Germany, defying federal legislation, obeying a monarchist dictator who only waits the moment to proclaim Prince Rupprecht king. A Saxon minister has announced that when that proclamation comes Saxony will proclaim the dictatorship of the proletariat, and invite neighboring states to join her. East Prussia is already separated from the mass of Germany by the Polish corridor, "made in France." Monarchists are in revolt in Küstrin in the heart of old Prussia. And in the Rhineland the French, allied with starvation, are goading the inhabitants into establishing an "independent Rhineland Republic," which would have French currency and be as little independent as were the states created by Napoleon, the master-wrecker of Europe, whose dreams still dominate French policy. The German Reich, which withstood four years of war against the world, is crumbling in the prolonged battle of the peace.

The editor of *The Nation*, telegraphing from Geneva, reports almost unmitigated gloom at the capital of the League of Nations. Americans may be surprised, because the apostles of American participation in the League have filled our newspapers with their unquenchable faith in the messianic destiny of that organization. But to those who read the news and ponder upon it without such a super-rational mysticism to comfort them, the gloom at Geneva is only too well justified, and the days which have elapsed since Mr. Villard filed his message must only have deepened it. While the League has been prating principles the ugly cancer in the heart of Europe, which the League has refused to face, has been spreading its poison. The Franco-German melee gives the keynote to all Europe. What France can do untrammeled by the League Italy, Poland, Lithuania also have done, and Hungary, Serbia, Rumania feel they may do. And as a sample of what France is doing, reflect upon a paragraph in a dispatch to the generally Gallophile London *Times*.

The French provided free trains for the 15,000 Separatists who met at Düsseldorf on the Rhine on that Red Sunday which closed the month of September. They had financed this Separatist movement throughout; its chief, Dr. Dorten, was in Paris conferring with the French Government when the bloodshed occurred. Another Separatist leader, Josef Matthes, had just proclaimed that the Separatists wanted only peace and tranquillity when shots were fired, no one knew whence. Pandemonium ensued, and the German police advanced, firing, and broke up the Separatist demonstration—which German officials had prohibited and the French encouraged. After the German police had dispersed the crowd French cavalry and tanks arrived upon the scene. This is what followed, as recounted by the correspondent of the *Times:*

> Twenty French cavalrymen, led by a dozen men of the Rheinwehr [the Separatist unofficial police organization], galloped up to a green [German] policeman on duty close to the hotel, surrounding and disarming him. When this was done the Separatists turned on the disarmed man and beat him to death with leaden pipes. The policeman covered his face with his hands and sank to the ground. A score or more blows were rained on him during the half-minute it took to kill him. The French remained impassive, and when it was over the Separatists shook hands with them.
>
> A few yards away the hideous scene was reenacted, although this time the green policeman appeared not to be killed outright. Both bodies were left where they were. Separatists who tried to repeat these murders on another already wounded German policeman with a different group of French cavalry were foiled. . . .

It is not merely that the German state is being broken into pieces; in that process the soul of a great nation is being corrupted and a poison as deadly as any poison gas which Wellsian romancers can conceive is being injected into Europe. No spiritual regeneration is issuing out of this decay of Germany. Visitors to that miserable country in 1919 recall that out of the ashes of military defeat a new and nobler Germany seemed to be rising, a Germany that hated war and faced toward the future rather than the past. All that is changed. The new Germany found no new Entente to welcome it. It met only suspicion and rebuke. The Entente which had so bitterly denounced German militarism adopted its worst features. The League of Nations which was to have developed a new world following the war turned out to be an instrument of Entente policy, excluding the Central Powers and Russia. The new spirit in Germany, meeting only rebuff abroad, lost force at home. Cynicism replaced hope; Poincaré has reconvinced those who had abandoned faith in brute force.

So Germany is today a kind of madhouse of embittered men and women, where monarchist fights republican, and both fight the Communist, and all are only too ready to turn their miscellaneous weapons upon the invader. The final collapse of the magnificent campaign of passive resistance with which a disciplined disarmed people met the overwhelming armed force of the French has seemingly brought with it a sort of collapse in general morale. When men despair, and see no escape from the terrific burden of daily life, they turn upon each other in irrational anger, and put their faith in myths. Dictatorships feed upon such hopelessness and such myths, and we may expect to see petty little dictatorships springing up on various programs in various parts of Germany. The myth of French stability is one of these deceptive mirages, which may for a time lead some of the discouraged population of the Rhineland, appalled at the careening of the German mark, to espouse the Separatist cause which in their hearts they despise.

Some readers of this paper are continually writing its editors begging that they be more optimistic. They are a little like Mr. Bryan, who denies the principle of evolution because, as he puts it, he *prefers* not to believe it. These people demand optimism because they prefer optimism. So do we. But we believe in facing facts, and the fact is that through these post-war years Europe has been steadily sinking. Only in much-despised Soviet Russia is there reason to believe that things are definitely on the up-grade.

Poincaré can kill the German republic. He can destroy German unity. He can starve Germans. In that sense we may witness the death of Germany. In a larger sense he can kill only his own nation. France won the hearts of the world when she stood in mourning on the Marne. The France we loved then is dead; Poincaré has killed it.

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Anarchy in Oklahoma

READERS who have felt that *The Nation* has been too harsh with Governor Walton of Oklahoma will probably find justification for its position in more recent events. No one is more opposed to the lawless methods of the Ku Klux Klan than *The Nation*, nor is it without admiration for the courage, the directness, and the democratic instincts of Governor Walton. But although his instincts may be democratic, his methods are the reverse of that, and at this writing seem to be leading the State of Oklahoma further and further into the civic anarchy which is the inevitable consequence of trying to meet one kind of lawlessness with another.

Governor Walton initiated military rule not because the existence of the State government was threatened by an extraordinary emergency—about the only justification for such a proceeding—but because civil government was not working properly in certain regions on account of Klan influence. In other words, the Governor suppressed civil government as a method of civil reform. But reform did not follow—indeed, could not do so as long as military rule prevailed. And the Governor found that although it was not hard to begin martial law it became increasingly difficult to end it. His action divided Oklahoma more than ever into two camps, more concerned with smashing each other than with preserving the State. It became, as the Governor's Executive Counselor described it in *The Nation* last week, a case of "dog eat dog." From a comparatively mild dictatorship Governor Walton was driven, in order to save himself from impeachment, into declaring that a referendum, which the State Supreme Court had just decided had been legally called, should not take place.

"This is my election," the Governor is quoted as saying. "I called it and I certainly have the right to postpone it." Wholly untrue! It is not the Governor's election but that of the State of Oklahoma. His calling it gives him no right of subsequent recall any more than he could veto a bill of the legislature after once approving it. The Governor's assumption of a dictatorship simply forced him from one extreme to another in order to maintain himself. From an original professed desire to restore civil government in Tulsa the Governor was led to ordering the mobilization of 100,000 persons and talking seriously of bloodshed.

What, some will be asking, should Governor Walton have done in the face of the outrages of the Klan in his State? It was reported to him, probably correctly, that the prosecuting officers of a certain county were all Klansmen and that they refused to proceed against individuals who were organizing and conducting floggings. Not a happy situation, to be sure. But the derelict officers were put there by the votes of their fellow-citizens. If a majority of the voters wanted that kind of thing, it was their affair. If they had simply blundered into it through carelessness—which is more likely—they deserved to fry in their own fat until they could make a change. What about protecting the minority, someone asks? Ah, but minorities are never protected except through the operation of law or self-restraint. Consideration for them is the finest flower of peaceful and disciplined democracy—a bloom that is first to perish in any rule of sheer force. To preserve civil process, however imperfect, is generally more important than to remedy abuses through setting it aside.

The Deadly Grade Crossing

AN express train from a popular inland resort to New York is speeding through a region where Nature spreads before the eyes of the passengers one of her finest panoramas of river, mountain, and woodland scenery. Suddenly there is an abrupt jar, almost violent enough to throw down anyone who happens to be on his feet. It is followed at a brief interval by another shock, and the train is at a standstill. The call sounds through the cars: "Is there a doctor on board?" But the emergency which prompted the summons is already over. In the middle of the highway a few yards distant lies a twisted mass of metal, from which the train crew extricate the lifeless bodies of a man and a woman who only a few moments ago were in buoyant health and vigor. The corpses are quickly covered by a sheet, from beneath which trickle small streams of blood. The blinds of the dining-car are lowered lest the sight provoke nausea among passengers just sitting down to their midday meal.

From conductors and porters one soon picks up the outline of the story. The road by which the automobile was traveling runs for a considerable distance almost parallel to the railway track, and the train must have been clearly visible to its occupants. But some demon of foolhardiness must have inspired its driver with the ambition of challenging the express to a racing contest. With his own speedometer registering sixty miles an hour might he not hope to reach the crossing ahead of the locomotive? Indeed, he does reach it first, and he almost clears the danger-point—almost, but not quite. The engine strikes the rear wheel of the automobile and hurls the whole machine fifty feet along the highway.

The scene just described is of such poignant tragedy as to haunt even the waking thoughts of the train passengers for many days afterward. The memory of that ghastly heap in the road comes back to them unbidden again and again. But an incident of this kind is so much a commonplace of railway travel nowadays that it has not even a news value. The next morning it is recorded in the press of the district, but outside that area it finds no mention at all. It lacks that attribute of the exceptional which attracts the attention of the journalistic newsgatherer. It happens today in New Hampshire. It will happen tomorrow in New Jersey and the day after in Illinois and so on through the calendar. For every day in the year, on an average, three persons are killed and twelve injured at grade crossings in the United States.

De mortuis—yes, but only the plainest language befits such a mad freak if it is to serve as a warning to the living. There may be rare occasions when a motorist is justified in taking great risks, but it is inconceivable that on a country road with a grade crossing just ahead and a train in actual sight there can be any adequate reason for running an automobile at the speed of a fast express. The line is very thin that separates such conduct from suicide. It might easily bring with it manslaughter also. And all for the satisfaction of a depraved sporting instinct and the saving of a few seconds on a holiday tour through a region so delightful that most travelers would wish to prolong rather than abbreviate their savoring of its charm!

But granted the reasonable obligation to stop, look, and listen when approaching a grade crossing, a heavy responsibility lies upon the railroad companies for permitting the

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existence of so many points of danger. In England one seldom hears of a grade-crossing accident. The annual toll in the British Isles from this cause is forty killed and sixteen injured, as against 1,259 killed and 4,493 injured in the United States. The difference is not to be explained by our greater railway mileage. The British railways carry over their shorter tracks half as many passengers again as the American, which must mean that the number of their train journeys is much greater in proportion to the length of tracks. The reason of so striking a contrast is obvious to any American visitor on his first railway or automobile journey in England. He will notice everywhere how the building of bridges has almost eliminated the grade crossing, and how, even where it is allowed to exist, the precaution is taken of providing a gate or bar operated by a neighboring signalman. In the United States, on the other hand, according to an estimate by the American Railway Association, there are no less than 250,000 grade crossings—virtually one for every mile of track. Our railways, moreover, afford in many places the spectacle of trains running through the streets of a city without the slightest fence to separate them from the ordinary traffic. When he was over here some years ago Arnold Bennett was amazed to see trains making their way in this fashion along the thoroughfares of Syracuse. That city, with a population of over 170,000, can still offer its foreign visitors a spectacle which would seem incredible in Europe, even if presented on a movie film.

Cap'n Josh Slocum

ALAIN J. GERBAULT, the Frenchman who recently reached New York after 142 days spent in crossing the Atlantic Ocean alone in a thirty-foot sail-boat, hopes soon to start on a voyage by himself around the world, which he expects will take him three years. A great adventure! Indeed, yes—but not a new one. Probably he may have heard of (and others will recall) Captain Joshua Slocum, who returned from such a voyage twenty-five years ago. Captain Slocum set out from Boston on April 24, 1895, and after sailing 46,000 miles, in the course of which he circumnavigated the globe, this doughty skipper dropped anchor in the harbor of Newport, Rhode Island, on June 27, 1898.

Captain Slocum's boat, the Spray, was about the same size as that of Mr. Gerbault. The Spray was a bit more than thirty-six feet over all, and twelve tons gross. Mr. Gerbault's vessel was thirty feet in length and measured about ten tons. There was no similarity in build, however, between the craft. The French boat was laid down on yachting and racing lines, and much of the trouble that her skipper had in his voyage across the Atlantic was perhaps due to this consideration. The Spray was a fishing boat model and an admirable rough-water sailer.

Captain Slocum has told the story of her building and her voyage in his book "Sailing Alone Around the World." And a fine sailor-like yarn it is!

By origin Captain Josh was a Nova Scotian, coming of a long line of seafaring forebears, although by some accident his father happened to have turned farmer. The boy had his choice between the sea and the rockbound farm on which he grew up. Perhaps there wasn't much choice. Anyhow young Slocum early decided not to become a Nova Scotian farmer. Eventually Captain Josh was naturalized as a Yankee and became a skipper in the old-time American sailing fleet. In the eighties he skipped the full-rigged ship Northern Light, but finally was the victim of a shipwreck on the coast of Brazil, after which—with the demand for sailing-ship skippers on the wane—he found himself back in New England "on the beach." Somebody offered him an old sloop as a joke. He took the gift seriously, and after spending thirteen months of his labor and $553.62 in virtually rebuilding the craft, he was ready to start out—where? As there seemed to be no other trip especially worth taking, he decided on a single-handed journey around the world.

Perhaps the thing from which ordinary people would shrink most in a voyage like that of Mr. Gerbault or Captain Slocum would be the loneliness. This does not so much concern a born sailor. The sea is a lonely place in the best of circumstances, and nobody can qualify as a true lover of it who does not love loneliness too. Yet it can be overdone. Captain Slocum confesses to an unpleasant degree of loneliness during the first few days of his voyage, but after that it disappeared, not to reappear. The first leg of his course was to Gibraltar, by way of the Azores. Thence he headed for Brazil, following the coast down to the Strait of Magellan. When Captain Josh set out on his voyage the Spray was sloop-rigged, as was the craft in which Mr. Gerbault crossed the Atlantic. After some experience, however, Captain Slocum rigged the Spray as a yawl, thus making it easier—as most sailors would testify—for one man to handle. Also Captain Josh found the Spray so well behaved that he could set the course, lash the wheel, and in ordinary circumstances his good ship would jog along by herself with little or no attention from him. This relieved the skipper of a vast amount of tedium at the wheel, allowed him to put in hours reading, and permitted him even to roll over in his bunk and go to sleep at night while the Spray forged on.

Captain Josh went through the Strait of Magellan, spent months in the South Seas, visited Australia, traversed the Indian Ocean, rounded what sailors call "the Cape of Storms" or just "the Cape" (Good Hope), laid his course across the South Atlantic for Brazil, and then sailed up through the West Indies and home. Of course he met many dangers, surmounted many difficulties. Time and again he was close to shipwreck and death, but his account shows that he was not only cool-headed and resourceful but a capital practical seaman also. And those qualities pulled him through. His own comment on himself and his boat at the end of the voyage runs thus:

> Was the crew well? Was I not? I had profited in many ways by the voyage. I had even gained flesh, and actually weighed a pound more than when I sailed from Boston. As for aging, why, the dial of my life was turned back till my friends all said: "Slocum is young again." And so I was, at least ten years younger than the day I felled the first tree for the construction of the Spray.
>
> My ship was also in better condition than when she sailed from Boston on her long voyage. She was still as sound as a nut and as tight as the best ship afloat. She did not leak a drop—not one drop! The pump, which had been little used before reaching Australia, had not been rigged since then at all.

But for all that, Gentle Reader, do not imagine that such an adventure is too easy or too safe. Captain Slocum came back—yes, that time. Some years later he set out on another such voyage, and has never been heard from since.

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The Only Hope

(*Special Radiogram to* The Nation)

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Geneva, September 30

UNDER the darkest skies Europe has seen since 1914 the fourth League Assembly comes to an end. The facts that the trouble between the Serbs and Italians is blowing over, that a Greco-Italian war has been averted, that the Ruhr resistance is at an end do not affect the intense depression among the Assembly delegates. "Over all of us," said one of the ablest and most influential Englishmen, speaking today, "hangs the shadow of the French army and the fact that their airplanes outnumber the British four or five to one. We have but substituted one militarism for another." And he agreed with one listener that the French today are more dangerous than was the old Germany because they are abler, more subtle, and less stupid.

There lies the stumbling-block to European progress and the greatest danger to the League itself. Throughout this session the French have tried to block every forward movement, have done their best to end the Temporary Mixed Commission on Disarmament, have opposed the effort to refer really important points to the World Court, have stood in the way of every hopeful suggestion.

Not over reparations only are the English and the French utterly opposed. Here they disagree at every turn. It is perfectly plain that the French do not wish the League to gain prestige though they are willing to use it for their own purposes. Since the Ruhr collapse all talk about French security, never in my opinion sincere, has stopped, and the French strength has been thrown into the effort to block disarmament.

When one recalls the historic opposition of these two nations and beholds the present situation one can only tremble for the future. England and France now lock horns at every point. Today wherever one looks the gravest dangers confront one. France is rejoicing over her great victory over the completely abased Germans, but all advices here foretell catastrophic events in Germany. Even French dispatches admit that Paris is anxiously watching, and is welcoming the Bavarian dictatorship and the state of siege there. The Communists are delighted over the German prospect. Most economists here do not believe that the French will have an easy task to reorganize and operate the Ruhr. They feel that Germany is too far gone to fail to collapse. This may be postponed. Watched-for revolutions rarely boil on time, but the fact is that the situation is so grave that the soberest men shake their heads in despair. *Nation* readers would be amazed if I could tell the names of those who have said to me that the situation is absolutely hopeless.

Fear of Mussolini is general. He is called a crazy man here—also a great man. No one can tell where he will erupt next, now that the Council of Ambassadors has given him the Greek liras so unreasonably. This is called downright robbery here; Englishmen are hanging their heads because the British Ambassador voted for this screaming injustice. Indeed, the way the League has been duped in this matter by the Council of Ambassadors is one of the hardest blows it has received. Mussolini can now claim that he has the complete approval of the Great Powers for his every act, including the Corfu murders. Liberals here utterly deplore the fact that two great nations have now upheld the principle that they can grab where they please and compel payments and submission. France and Italy, both members of the League, have thus deliberately violated the very spirit of the Covenant. The principle that force is supreme, charged to the Germans, is now triumphant again. It is a victory for the brute side of human nature. Then, too, France may have made the dangerous discovery that whole masses of industrial populations, whole peoples can be starved into slavery and submission—which is a terrible lesson to teach imperialists and big industrialists the world over.

Meanwhile, the League trembles in the balance. Five years after the war to safeguard democracy Europe rushes to economic disaster. One dictatorship follows another—Russia, Italy, Spain, Bavaria. Probably soon the whole of Germany will be subject to a dictator, but observers here feel that even so he could not hold himself in power long and that the Allies may be compelled to undertake the ruinous task of governing more portions of Germany than the Ruhr.

It is not time to despair yet. Information from a London source hitherto reliable reaches me that Mr. Baldwin is considering a new offer of startling importance, to buy off the French and get them out of the Ruhr and Germany altogether by assuming the position of guarantor of Germany at Poincaré's terms—fifty billion gold marks. If this should be accepted it would save Germany, give France her pieces of silver, and perhaps rescue Europe at a tremendous sacrifice to England. There is no other possibility in sight of immediate rescue, no other way quickly to restore England's lost prestige and rehabilitate her shattered influence since Mr. Baldwin assumed conduct of affairs. Even this solution would leave bitter rancor and festering hatreds, the inescapable legacy of the worst of wars, and would not remove the danger of future wars. It certainly would make inevitable a British-German alliance, as England would have intrusted her financial future to Germany's good faith. England would run a tremendous risk if the expected Communist rebellion should sweep Germany or, what is more likely, if an exhausting, bloody, planless civil war should ensue.

Over all broods the sinister spirit of French-Italian chauvinism, acting in the manner of pre-war diplomacy and greed and lust for power. No wonder people despair. Geneva feels intensely the failure of the Americans to aid spiritually and morally. They no longer expect our entrance to the League, but if no unexpected help such as the proposed British move just outlined comes, they feel that only America can save Europe from the bloody-handed, base-minded diplomats and the spineless prime ministers who are leading her to destruction. Liberals feel, like the editor of *The Nation*, that America has thrown away a glorious opportunity to lead the world, a leadership which was possible without war guaranties, without entering the League, and without entangling alliances.

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Heywood Broun

By HEYWOOD BROUN

(Mr. Broun's account of himself as a critic is the first of a series of articles by critics about themselves which will appear in The Nation *during the coming winter. Arrangements have been made with Ludwig Lewisohn, H. L. Mencken, and Carl Van Doren for similar articles, and further announcements will be made as the series develops. Heywood Broun went from the New York* Tribune *to the New York* World *in 1921 and since that time his column "It Seems to Me" has been one of the* World's *chief features. Mr. Broun's criticism is always a frankly personal reaction, so that his opinion of himself carries with it added literary significance.)*

ONE of the things in which I used to take pride was the fact that I never lost sight of the fallibility of my opinions. But I ought not to take pride in this for it is among the factors which limit my usefulness as a critic. Humility ill becomes those who sit in judgment. The taste of American readers improves, and it has been developed almost entirely by mentors who never had a doubt as to the utter rightness of every decision which they handed down. People hereabouts have been shamed into appreciation. Perhaps there is some reason to doubt the value of rearing up browbeaten aesthetes. The tyranny has developed to such an extent that 90 per cent (this is an estimate, since the statistics have not yet been issued) of all the reading done in this country today is motivated by a sense of duty. People read so that they may converse more intelligently, get better jobs, develop a powerful will and a magnetic personality. Only a few read for fun, which seems to me the best of all possible reasons.

In a bookstore the other day I was horrified to stumble upon something which was called "A Reading Ladder." The books in it were carefully sorted into "Books for children less than five," "Between five and nine," "Between nine and thirteen," and "More than thirteen," at which age I suppose the wide horizons might be expected to open. But of course they don't. Even after the reader outgrows his status of having books handed down to him from graduated shelfs he enlists in some new subserviency. Probably he becomes a follower of Mencken and what Mencken says is good becomes good and also necessary to that particular reader. People insist upon getting the best books just as rigidly as they demand the best butter. We have then the spectacle of hundreds of thousands of Americans buying "Main Street" and reading some of it. Now, I happen to think that "Main Street" was a significant achievement, but it was one of the most disliked books published within my time and I can hardly forbear shuddering at the thought of the pain and boredom which it caused among the millions of the devoted and unhappy seekers after good literature.

However, I must change the tack or my attempt at confession will become too nearly an enthusiastic defense of Heywood Broun, the undogmatic. The fact of the matter is that there is no virtue in this lack of positiveness. Here, too, is a weakness. The weasel qualifier, it seems to me, is inserted merely because I don't know whether or not a book is as bad or as fine as I believe it to be. I have never been able to learn the reasons for my enthusiasms. At first I was content not to know. My method upon encountering what seemed to me fine work was to turn a few handsprings and froth a little at the mouth. Perhaps I might have gone on to the end in that way, but the somersaults strained my wrists and I froth less easily than a few years ago.

Accordingly, I have almost abandoned any pretensions to belonging among the critics of literature as an art, or drama either. I belong among the Puritans, for instinctively I judge a book by first asking myself, Is this a story which tends to uphold conduct, which seems to me admirable, or is it not? You see I happen to have very definite standards about shrewd conduct and foolish conduct, and so I find it much easier to function as an ethical than as an artistic arbiter. And America, for the sake of its sins, deserves such a critic, or commentator, or call him what you will. Somebody must do his best to atone in part for William Winter, and that is my effort, although the motivation is largely unconscious. For forty years, for instance, Mr. Winter kept on hammering away at "Camille" because he felt it to be a play which condoned immorality. That was reasonable enough because he was so ethically minded that he couldn't enjoy "Camille." The fact that it was theatrically adroit meant nothing to him. Nor would it mean anything to me. The most perfect piece of work about a good wife and mother is never going to seem anything but a bad play or a bad novel to me, because I don't like good wives and mothers. This sort of criticism is fundamentally wrong-headed, but what can I do about it? Certainly there is no satisfaction in searching for reasons to applaud work which you don't like. There are those who can, without strain, shout "Rah, rah, rah, Technique," but I would choke upon such a cry. Willa Cather's novel "One of Ours" won the Pulitzer Prize, and to me it was a bad novel. It was a bad novel because Miss Cather found the war romantically appealing and I did not. That is just as good a subject to quarrel about as her sentence structure.

After all the establishment of definite critical standards serves to hamper rather than foster literature. No matter how broad you make the rules something will come along which will make it necessary to stretch them to the breaking-point. There are many diets more pleasant than eating your own standards, and the easiest way to avoid that difficulty is to have no standards.

Still, it is false for me to pretend that I have no preconceptions. I have a very definite idea of what is generally wrong with the novel. At any rate it is a fault in twenty out of every twenty-five. The failing which I find is excessive bulk. There are not a handful of writers who know enough to begin at the beginning and stop at the end. Invariably there is a prologue in which the stage-hands come out and set the scene before the characters do anything of interest and importance. Even more common is the practice of hanging on to a situation and squeezing it after all the vitality has been exhausted. There is then a definite platform for which I am willing to stand. I want shorter and more immoral novels.

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Mrs. Gladfelter's Revolt

By HELEN R. MARTIN

I

ALTHOUGH Jacob Gladfelter's four robust sons had come out from under the rule of his heavy hand as strong, self-reliant young men, his wife and his only daughter had become, year after year, more and more submissive and cowed. To be sure, Jacob had always been a little more tolerant of self-assertion on the part of males of the household, seeing that they would, in the end, have to be their own masters; but as a woman must always, according to the Pennsylvania Dutch standard of what was "womanly," acquiesce in the dominance of a man, either her father or her "mister," there was not the same reason for relaxing one's sway over them as in the case of the boys.

It had never occurred to Meely, Jacob's wife, to question her man's right to rule his own household. She would have thought him less than a man and would not have respected him if he had not governed her and their children with a firm hand. From that night when, meeting her for the first time at a barn dance, he had boldly snatched her from her partner, carried her bodily to his own sleigh and driven away with her under the very eyes of her dumfounded and indignant escort, she had been his abject slave.

Her sons loved and petted their little mother and their comely young sister Weezy—and walked over them rough-shod. In this they only followed the example of their father. Although Jacob Gladfelter, prosperous proprietor of the only general store in Virginsville, had always been, according to his lights, a kind, indulgent husband and father, he was first and foremost a man of strict conscientious scruples and he would have considered himself just as sadly lacking in his duty if he had ever let his women folks get out of hand as if he had failed to be a "good purvider" or had neglected to engage the best procurable midwife for his wife's many confinements, keeping her on the job for as much as two weeks—which in Virginsville was almost going to the ragged edge of sentimentality. Jacob's contempt for the few men of his acquaintance who were so weak as to "leave the women boss" was unutterable. Besides this, in spite of his reputedly amiable disposition, there was a streak of obstinacy in his character that, once he had taken a stand, would not let him yield.

So jealously did Jacob guard his prerogative to decide all household matters that for his wife and daughter to make a suggestion was only to invite a sure denial of what they wanted. If he indulged them it must be in his own way, at his own convenience, and in what *he* considered pleasant for them. Was a new carpet to be bought, Mr. Gladfelter selected it. He would see no point in consulting his wife's taste in the matter because if she did not share his decided preferences as to carpets her preference would, of course, have to be sacrificed; and if she did share them, no use to consult her. Did the kitchen range wear out, it was Jacob who said whether it should be replaced by a gas-cooking stove. And on such questions as the higher schooling of the children Jacob simply announced to her what he intended to do.

When suffrage was given to women the four Gladfelter boys were hilarious at the idea of "Mom's wotin'." Jacob, considering the Amendment unscriptural and subversive of a stable social order, laid down the law for his family: "I won't give you the dare to wote, Mom! As fur Weesy, till she's at the wotin' age, I guess she'll be married and it'll be fur her mister to say dare she wote or not."

"It wonders me how a man ever knows who *to* wote fur," said Mrs. Gladfelter. "The candidates all seems all right till they're *in* oncet—and then—"

"Yes, *and then!* You said it!" blustered her son Elmer. "And then it's hell! Ain't?"

"Yes, ain't!" responded all the men.

When Weezy reached the age for "settin' up Sa'rdays and keepin' comp'ny with a Steady-Regular," her father magnanimously told her one evening at supper that he would now get a new suite of furniture for the parlor. He had expected this news to be received with gratitude and pleasure by Weezy and her mother, and he was surprised at the awkward silence that answered him. The truth was Meely and Weezy had come to dread Jacob's taste in household furnishings.

"Please, Pop," Weezy ventured, "don't get yellow!"

Mrs. Gladfelter looked anxiously across the supper table to note the effect upon her husband of such boldness. Jacob, eating sausage and fried potatoes, did not reply.

"Yellow kreistles me!" Weezy shuddered.

No reply from Jacob.

"I like red better or such dark blue."

Jacob noisily sipped his coffee.

"Sooner'n have yellow, I'd *let* the parlor."

"So would I!" Mrs. Gladfelter, unexpectedly though timidly, spoke in. "It's going on twenty years that I lived with our parlor furniture and I'm used to it a little. I'd sooner let it be than get new."

"You always were so much for yellow, Pop!" pleaded Weezy. "I wouldn't like to keep comp'ny with a fellow with yellow furniture!"

"And it's Weezy would use the room, not us," Mrs. Gladfelter reasoned, taking refuge in addressing her son Albert rather than her husband. "If Weezy don't favor yellow, I think it's a pity to get yel——"

"Be peaceable, Mom!" Jacob quietly ordered her, with that look of deadly obstinacy on his face which she and Weezy knew to be the stone wall to any further advancement of *their* side of a question. But something in her daughter's wistful, worried eyes made her, this evening, strangely persistent.

"Us we might as well get what Weezy would like and yellow ain't just to say so tasty in parlor furniture—it's not so bad in wallpaper or carpet, though I'd sooner purfur red or blue, like Weezy says, but yellow furniture, yet——"

"Be peaceable, Mom!"

"But Weezy's gettin' full-growed now, and if she don't take to yellow, it's her has to set in the parlor, *we* never do, and it's her——"

"Mom! Be peaceable!"

And Mrs. Gladfelter, with a long sigh, subsided.

Mr. Gladfelter felt it to be his clear duty, in view of this incipient insubordination of his wife and daughter, to establish his rightful authority by getting a parlor suite of the yellowest yellow plush he could find.

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It was when her father announced, upon Weezy's having finished the village school course, that she was now "done school," and must henceforth stop at home and help with the housework and the general store, that Mrs. Gladfelter, for the first time in her married life, was jolted into a real protest.

"Weezy not go to Millersville Normal!" she almost gasped, "like all our boys have went! But Pop! Me I always conceited you'd leave Weezy have schoolage, too, like our boys!"

Jacob did not think it necessary to offer any explanation of his decision.

"But Weezy she was always smarter'n any of our boys, Pop—her teachers all sayed she was smart! And she's always *counted* on goin' to Millersville Normal. She's planned all her life to be a school teacher!"

Jacob paid less attention to her plaints than he would have paid to a fly's buzzing.

"I always missed it so myself, not having no schoolage, Pop, I did think now my dotter was to have it! Why, look, Pop, how much better she could marry, too, if she got good educated!"

Weezy, during this monologue of her mother's, was silently weeping over her untasted supper.

Jacob, rising from the table, took a clothes-brush from a shelf, brushed first his clothes, then his hair with the same brush, and then, still without replying, turned away and walked into his store in the front of the house.

Mrs. Gladfelter regarded her weeping daughter in an agony of sympathy. That Weezy, so very much "smarter at the books" than her big brothers, should be denied an education for no other reason than that she was not a boy—for the first time in her life the bald unreasonableness and injustice of such a philosophy cut deep into her soul. She loved this daughter, her only girl, with a passionate devotion such as her rowdy, unmanageable boys had not called forth from her. Weezy, always so tender and thoughtful for her, was the poetry and romance of her life. It seemed to her that she could not calmly submit to this ruthless destruction of her child's dearest hopes. She suddenly rose, went to Weezy and put her arms about her. "Never you mind, Weezy, I've always counted on your getting' a good education and you're *a-goin'* to get it! Don't cry! *You're not stoppin' your schoolage!*"

Weezy dried her eyes and looked at her mother incredulously. "But, Mom, what can we do if Pop says no? The more we coax, the more stubborn-headed he'll get!"

"I know that. We won't coax. But you're a-goin' to get your nice education all the same!"

"But how, Mom? How will you get round Pop?"

"You know I got my interest money?"

"But Pop never gives it to you."

"I've never ast it off of him. But it comes in sich little pieces of paper called cupons. Pop keeps 'em in the safe. They give six hundred dollars a year. They're mine. My pop inherited 'em to me. That'll be enough to keep you at school."

"But, Mom, what would Pop *say* if you took them cupons?"

"I don't mind what he says compared to how I mind your not goin' to school. I got to just choose between them two things—Pop bein' cross at me or you losin' your schoolin.'"

"I never saw Pop really cross at you, Mom!"

"I have never gave him no reason to be. He can't rightly have cross at me fur takin' what's my own. Your Pop's a awful honest man, Weezy. Why, here this morning, Sally Bergstresser come in our store to buy a spool of thread off of Pop, and Pop he reminded her she owed him a cent on the last spool she got—her not having knew thread had went up a cent and having only five cents along that time. Pop tol' her, 'It ain't that I want that cent, Sally, but there's my income tax, you see. I got to be wery honest about that, you understand.' Sally she laughed till I thought she'd bust! She sayed 'Now, Jake Gladfelter, if that ain't like you! Takin' the trouble to get your income tax right to the penny!—where *some* wouldn't bother none if they was off a dollar or more!' Yes, Weezy, your Pop is that pertikkler that folks laughs at him yet! So I can't see that he could get cross at me fur takin' my own."

"Does he think it *is* yours, Mom, when you're married to him?"

"Well, the law calls it mine."

"The law gives you dare to wote, too, and Pop won't leave you."

"It makes me nothing, Weezy, if Pop is cross, so long as I can get you a good education."

Weezy shook her head hopelessly. "I'm under age. Pop could fetch me home from Normal."

Her mother's eyes gleamed with an adventurous daring that made her look to Weezy like a stranger. "Could he? Then I'll put you to a school that he won't know where you're at!"

"Why, Mom, you don't sound like yourself!" Weezy softly exclaimed, almost alarmed.

"Where could I find out about another school, Weezy?"

"Uriah Bergstresser mebby could tell you, Mom."

"Yi Bergstresser! Him!" Her mother was skeptical. "Why, him he was that dumb at Millersville Normal that they shed him at the end of the term!"

"I know, but he's traveled 'round a good bit."

"Yes, that's so, too. I mind that time he was to New York over, with his Pop. You mind how he tol' us New York's so big they couldn't find the end of it!"

"You mind, Mom, how he told us about the nice things they're got in that Metropolitan *Mu*-zeem in New York? Och, me, I'd like now to see that *Mu*-zeem! Ain't, Mom? You mind Yi said that as far as *he* could see, they didn't seem to use that great big building for a thing 'ceptin' to store all them things!"

"If you think, Weezy, Yi *could* tell us the name of another school than Millersville Normal, I'll ast him right aways."

"All right, Mom."

II

On Sunday morning early in September, when Weezy and her mother started out as usual for church, the girl surprised her father by kissing him goodby. Demonstrations of family affection being rare among the Pennsylvania Dutch, kissing being scarcely ever indulged in even when parting for a long time, Jake was puzzled—and pleased. He was very fond of little Weezy.

"Ain't you some early startin'?" he asked.

"It gives such a nice day, we thought we'd walk a pieceways," answered his wife.

When the mother and daughter reached the church, they did not go in, but walked on to the Square where you took the trolley to the near-by city of Lancaster. From Lancaster, Mrs. Gladfelter sent a telegram to her husband: "Taking Weezy to Normal School. Be home Wednesday."

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They stopped in Lancaster with Mrs. Gladfelter's brother Sam, who had recently moved there from Columbia unknown to Jacob. On Monday Sam helped his sister procure money on her bond and Mrs. Sam went with her and Weezy to outfit the girl for school. For the first time in her life Weezy was permitted to choose her own clothes, never having presumed to object to wear whatever her father had seen fit to buy for her.

Not even to her brother and his wife would Mrs. Gladfelter trust her secret—the name of the Normal School to which she was taking her daughter. "Millersville Normal," the only one they had ever heard of, being just four miles from Lancaster, she knew that they (and her husband too) would assume that that was where Weezy was going.

"It wonders me, Meely, that Jake leaves *you* tend to all this business for Weezy—the money and buyin' and all! It ain't like him! Is he sick or whatever, and how's your Monday washin' gettin' done?" asked her sister-in-law.

"Fur oncet I'm just lettin' the washin', Mame! I'm lettin' everything! Fur oncet I don't care! I feel that light-headed and indiff'runt, I don't har'ly know what's over me!"

"Mebby you better see a doctor—not? What does Jake say at your bein' so light-headed and indiff'runt?"

"It makes me nothing what he says!" laughed Meely.

"My souls, Meely, you *better* see a doctor—it must be some serious!"

But Meely only laughed.

She doubted not that Jacob, immediately upon receiving her telegram on Sunday, had gone to "Millersville Normal" to force her and Weezy to come home. She marveled at her own unruffled calmness in contemplating his amazement at not finding them there.

"Do you think, Mom, you *can* keep it from Pop where I'm at?" Weezy wondered.

"Weezy, your Pop will *never get it out of me!*"

When the time came to part with her daughter and return home, Mrs. Gladfelter's high spirits suddenly dropped.

"Och, Mom, I hate for you to go back home and face Pop!" Weezy mourned.

"It ain't facin' your Pop, I mind. It's—it's the thought of what home will be without you, Weezy."

Weezy clasped her close. "Mom! I love you so!"

But on her homeward trip, Mrs. Gladfelter's sadness at leaving her daughter lifted somewhat and the unconquerable buoyancy that had possessed her ever since her flight was again in the ascendancy. This first and only adventure of her whole life, this first taste of freedom, had seemed to re-create her into a new being—she was almost a stranger to herself.

When at four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon she walked blithely through the general store where her husband and two of her sons were at the moment waiting on customers, she greeted them gaily as she passed on out to the sitting-room back of the store. "Well, Jake! Well, boys!"

The boys stared at her, too bewildered to reply. But her husband did not look up. Not until she called them all to supper did Jake deign to come near her, and even then he did not speak to her or even look at her as he sat down and at once began to help himself to fried "ponhaus" and "smear case." Meely suddenly realized that however strong she might be to meet reproaches, his holding himself silently and icily aloof from her would be more than she could live with! If *this* was to be the weapon with which he would try to wrest her secret from her and regain his dominance——

"I was talkin' to such a lady educator here the other day," she smilingly told them as she poured their coffee, "and she explained me the arguments how it's my dooty now to use the wote. So at the next election, Pop, I'm wotin'," she cheerfully stated.

Her husband made no sign. But the boys who, affected by their father's grim mood, had been discreetly silent, sent up a shout of laughter at the huge joke of their timid little mother's going to the polls to vote.

"Here's the new woman!"

"Have a cig-arette, Mom?"

"It wonders me you didn't have your hair so bobbed while you was to Lancaster over!"

After supper Jake at once went back into the store, still without speaking to her. She had expected him to demand, the moment she appeared at home, what she had done with Weezy; and she had been fully prepared to resist his insisting upon knowing. But when that night he went to sleep at her side without having spoken to her, she saw that until she voluntarily offered him the explanations and apologies he considered due him, he meant to hold himself thus aloof. She knew how stubbornly he could hold out in a course like this. She could not live with him in such alienation. It would kill her in a month! They had never quarreled before in all the twenty years of their married life.

The next morning she stopped him as he was about to go into the store. "Please, Pop, leave Al tend store till I speak somethin' to you."

Jake, directing Albert with a backward motion of his thumb to go into the store, stood still and waited for his wife to speak.

"I've made up my mind, Jake, fur our Weezy to have a nice education like you gev our boys—and, Jake, you better know right aways that if I have to die fur it, I'm a-goin' to see that she gets it!"

"Where's she at?"

"I'll tell you when you pass me your promise you won't go and fetch her home."

"Where's she at?" he repeated, bringing his knuckles down upon the table with a shock that rattled the dishes.

Meely's answer was to meet his cold eyes with such unflinching determination in her own that in his utter astonishment at its unfamiliarity, he relaxed, his jaw dropped, and he stared at her in confusion.

"Jake, I want fur my dotter to be somepin' more'n I alway was—a cabbage-head. Our Weezy's a-goin' to have her chanct to get more out of livin' than I ever had a'ready."

Jake stared at her stupidly, incredulously. "I don't favor females bein' book-learnt! It's agin Nature!"

"An awful lot of females is goin' agin Nature then, fur there's a thousand girls at that there Normal School Weezy's at. If I'd been a little book-learnt myself, I guess I wouldn't o' waited *this* long till I took my own mind fur somepin' oncet!"

"Where is that Normal School where Weezy's at?"

"Do you pass your promise like I sayed?"

"Answer to me Meely!"

"When you pass your promise!"

Again their eyes met and Jake, with a strange pang of fear in his heart, saw, in the straight, fearless gaze of the little woman whom, up to this hour, he had always regarded with a queer mingling of affection and contempt, that for once in his life he had encountered his match in obstinacy. Deep down in his soul he knew that he was beaten.

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Count Albert Apponyi

By OSCAR JASZI

(The author of this article is a noted Hungarian scholar, editor, and statesman. During the Karolyi regime in 1918 he acted as Minister of National Minorities. The coming to power of the Bolsheviki forced Dr. Jaszi to take refuge in Vienna, and the subsequent years of the White Terror have kept him there. He has published a newspaper devoted to the cause of freedom in Hungary and of reconciliation between Hungary and the neighboring countries. He is now in the United States, having arrived shortly before Count Apponyi, who is at present lecturing under the auspices of the Institute of International Education.)

COUNT APPONYI is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable statesmen of Hungary. For half a century he has been a leading figure in the public life of his country. Even those who fought him and his policies bitterly admit that he is a man of whom any parliament in the world would be proud because of his intellectual gifts as well as for his oratorical ability and moral qualities.

There can be no doubt that Count Apponyi is a man of extraordinary brilliance and culture. He is a powerful speaker; not only in his mother tongue but in five or six foreign languages he can stir an audience to tears. But the eminence of this man is perhaps greater in the moral sphere. He has been clean and disinterested in a political milieu where corruption and graft, business greed and nepotism play a very important role. In his private life, too, Count Apponyi has been an example of civic virtue; he has lived a modest, even ascetic, life in surroundings of splendor and luxury. Though a fanatical devotee of his Jesuit teachers, his religion, in spite of its dogmatism, is not without kindness, benevolence, and a spirit of helpfulness for his fellow-men. The nobility and independence of his personality was especially evident when, in the worst months of the "white bolshevism" of Horthy and his gang, Count Apponyi was the only man of the Hungarian aristocracy who made a sincere, audacious, and sometimes very dangerous fight against the murders and robberies of the armed bands. He not only took a lofty spiritual standpoint but he busied himself day and night in the interest of wretched Jews and other victims of white militarism.

In spite of these extraordinary qualities his public activity did not benefit the country which he adored, but on the contrary, his spirit and influence were in a high degree responsible for the catastrophe which dismembered and destroyed Hungary, economically as well as morally. This may seem paradoxical. I must give a little more detailed analysis of the factors and forces which have counterbalanced Count Apponyi's high moral qualities.

Count Apponyi's political and economic milieu was not the democratic arena of Western civilization but a country which remained, and is still, entirely feudal in structure and spirit. The political and economic preponderance of the large estates, of the feudal lords, and the Roman Catholic high clergy is almost exclusive. There was, and still is, no country in the world where the distribution of landed property was as unjust and unfortunate as in Hungary. Some thousand noblemen and capitalists retained about one-third of the entire arable land, and the great majority of the Hungarian population was deprived of landed property at all, or its property was so small that a farmer's family could not live on it. This disastrous distribution of landed property was accentuated by the post-war revolution, so that Hungary has now the largest landless peasant proletariat in the world. This unwholesome agricultural structure was responsible for the failure of Hungarian industry and commerce to develop. It explains why no bourgeoisie worthy of the name ever arose, why the democratic forces—both in the cities and in the rural districts—were extremely feeble, why the whole intelligentsia was at the service of the big feudal landowners. (I say feudal intentionally because the landed property was used only to exploit an exceedingly uncultivated landless proletariat.) Really productive forces cannot develop where press, legislature, the civil administration, and the courts are at the exclusive service of the big feudal magnates and of their intellectual and political servants. A restricted and corrupted franchise (the whole country was, and still is, a single "rotten borough") did the rest. In Hungary there never was a real "public opinion." The landed aristocracy—allied with the largely Jewish *haute finance* and the intellectual upper class—controlled all manifestations of so-called public opinion. No wonder if in such an atmosphere Count Apponyi failed to discriminate between real public opinion and the political whims of the aristocracy.

The danger of this situation was augmented by the fact that Count Apponyi represents an intellectual type which is in contrast with the present-day public mind. Count Apponyi is an abstract idealist; he has never understood the driving forces of social evolution. He has been a kind of a noble political Don Quixote who often saw in the windmills of his historical imagination veritable giants. The Hungarian orator is the greatest contrast imaginable to the intellectual type of our day which blindly swears to the exclusive domination of economic factors and sees all history and politics as an economic class struggle. Both types —the pure idealist and the pure materialist—are incapable of grasping political and social realities, but the danger is greater for the Apponyi type, which, fighting in a vacuum, sees only the phosphorescence of its own favorite ideas.

Count Apponyi, like a very fine political seismometer, registers with a real impressionist intuition the rapidly changing currents of the political atmosphere. He becomes rapidly intoxicated with each new idealistic movement which stirs public opinion, but he seldom seizes upon the real social and economic significance of these ideas. In consequence he frequently abandoned or subconsciously falsified the ideas which he advocated. The subconscious—in its broader Freudian meaning—plays a fundamental role in his public activity. His conscious self is liberal, democratic, pacifist; his subconscious self is the soul of his feudal ancestors, attached to the Roman church and the Hapsburg dynasty.

His entire political career demonstrates the correctness of this psychological hypothesis. He abandoned his first political platform—that of the dual constitution for Austria and Hungary—and joined the Party of Independence, based on the deeply democratic and social ideas of Louis Kossuth, which later found ardent and noble leaders in

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Julius Justh and Count Michael Karolyi. (It is characteristic of Hungarian public life that its leaders have almost always been members of the great landowning class.) Apponyi made brilliant speeches for the Independent Party, but he soon transformed its real democratic and revolutionary spirit into a rhetorical fight for formulas, titles, military emblems which, he thought, would demonstrate the national independence of Hungary. Whole decades were wasted in this chivalrous but useless fight with the windmills of a formal and verbal constitutionalism; Count Apponyi never understood the real teachings of Louis Kossuth, which were so powerfully developed by Iranyi, Mocsary, and later by Justh and Karolyi. These men insisted that Hungarian independence could not be the fruit of constitutional formulas but must grow out of complete democratization of the Hungarian state, with universal suffrage and expropriation of the large estates.

I will not say that Count Apponyi was an adversary on principle of universal suffrage. He always sympathized with this fundamental reform and he delivered excellent speeches in its favor. But when the time came for its realization, Count Apponyi dropped back, approaching the conservatives under the leadership of Count Julius Andrassy, thus postponing the struggle for universal suffrage for other things which he thought more important. Similar was his attitude toward the greatest problem of modern Hungary, the agrarian question. Here, too, he held liberal views and advocated peasant proprietorship for the landless, but when times became serious and the great propaganda of Karolyi for land reform began, Apponyi withdrew and contented himself with platonic declarations.

Hungarian independence endangered the interests of the Hapsburgs, and their dethronement by Louis Kossuth was an inevitable consequence of his policy. Until Apponyi's turn to the Independent Party it was in its spirit a rather Calvinist group which rallied the masses of the small peasantry and the small bourgeoisie. But with Count Apponyi a feudal *jeunesse dorée* brought into the ancient party of the *Kuruc* peasants (this was the name of the anti-Hapsburg battalions) a marked Catholic, conservative, and Hapsburg tendency.

There is a similar contrast in his international policy and in his attitude toward the non-Magyar races of Hungary. The classical independent doctrine was this: The dualistic state, with its artificial and unnatural hegemony of the Germans in Austria and the Magyars in Hungary, could only be upheld by the force of German imperialism. To guarantee this predominance of the two races, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy became a vassal state following Bismarck's policy. To create an independent Hungary separated from Austria, two things were necessary: to dissolve the German treaty and substitute for the German a French and Slav orientation. Such a policy could not be realized as long as Hungary was surrounded by hostile Czech, Rumanian, and Serb states. These states were hostile, partly because of the tariff policy of the monarchy, which impeded agricultural importation from the smaller states, partly because of the policy of Germanization in Austria and Magyarization in Hungary.

The greatest creative thought of Louis Kossuth in his years of exile was his scheme of the so-called Danube-Confederation. In this vast structure independent Hungary was to become the intimate ally of the Czech, the Rumanian, and the Serb states on a basis of free trade and with a common international policy. Such a scheme was impossible as long as Hungary refused complete national autonomy to the kindred races of the neighboring states living within the boundaries of Hungary.

During the war, when the shipwreck of the dualistic scheme was evident, Count Karolyi openly propagated and developed Kossuth's plan with a rare logical force and moral courage, but Count Apponyi, because of his subconscious moral motivation, understood it not at all and saw in it only an aberration of Kossuth's during the sad years of his exile. Count Apponyi, therefore, remained the staunchest champion of the Hapsburgs and of German imperialism because his subconscious self felt that the sovereignty of the Kaiser was the only possible way to maintain the political and racial supremacy of the so-called "historical classes" of Hungary over the non-Magyar races, the Magyar landless peasantry, and the city proletariat.

This explains Count Apponyi's role before and during the war. While his conscious self was ardently pacifist, he never remarked that the policy of his class—high agrarian customs duties, the German alliance, oppression of the other nationalities—was one of the chief causes which operated in Europe to prepare the World War.

And when the bomb of Sarajevo exploded as a consequence of the brutal economic and racial system of Austro-Hungarian feudalism this strange pacifist forgot his pacifist orations and greeted in parliament the hazardous decision of the Vienna camarilla for war with an emphatic *enfin!* which remained historic.

This standpoint he maintained from the beginning to the end of the war. While Count Karolyi and the other real Independents, risking their lives, were denouncing the war and German imperialism, and pleading for a separate peace (seeing the inevitable catastrophe which the World War meant for Hungary) Count Apponyi urged continuance of the war "to the last man."

The October revolution of 1918 closed for a time the public career of Count Apponyi. He loyally abstained from counter-revolutionary propaganda. But the blindness and cruelty of the Entente, the intrigues of the Hapsburg aristocracy, and the tremendous Russian propaganda overthrew the democratic and republican regime and thrust the unfortunate country into bolshevism.

In those days it was only the personal courage and sacrifice of Count Karolyi—himself a refugee—which saved the life of his great political adversary. During the hectic nights of the Soviet regime, when Count Karolyi was living in a suburb of Budapest under the closest bolshevik supervision, guarded day and night by Red detectives, Count Apponyi one evening knocked at his window, seeking refuge, his life being in danger. Karolyi let him come in and kept him hidden for days, subsequently assisting him to escape over the border. Yet Apponyi has never uttered a word in defense of Karolyi's immaculate character—this although the Horthy regime has confiscated not only Karolyi's but even his children's property, and has beggared him and his family in exile.

Apart from this, the culmination of the career of this remarkable man was his role as leader of the Hungarian Peace Delegation in Paris, when he represented the cause of our unfortunate and humiliated nation with the thrilling pathos of his unrivaled eloquence. Even his most embittered political enemies dipped their flags before him for his brilliant fight for a lost cause.

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Inside a Cooperative Colony

An American Experiment with Wageless Work

By ERNEST S. WOOSTER

"WHY don't you Socialists get off somewhere by yourselves and try out your theories if they are so good?"

Probably every Socialist has been met by this question at least once in his career. Most Socialists have either evaded it or attempted to explain it away. Job Harriman considered it seriously, and decided it was a fair question to ask people who were trying to change the world's methods of doing business.

In 1914 Job Harriman founded the Llano Cooperative Colony in the parched soil of the Antelope Valley in southern California. Because of the aridity of the region and the lack of a dependable source of irrigation not menaced by interminable lawsuits, the colony and its inhabitants were moved in December, 1917, to the abandoned lumber town of Stables, near Leesville, in western Louisiana. This village had been but recently vacated, and when the colony acquired it, many large sheds and buildings, a store, hotel, and possibly 100 houses were available for immediate use.

The colony was established in 1914 with one family, a team, wagon, cow, and a few implements, and with $5 paid down on the land. Its plans were ambitious, its hopes high. In the nine years of its existence it has not amassed amazing wealth, but it has demonstrated indisputably certain things about social sciences and human beings. An enterprise so novel in its general scheme, so rich in its apparent possibilities, and so unhampered by traditions drew more than its fair share of impractical visionaries, loquacious theorists, and social experimenters, with some true idealists and practical men and women. A few were obviously desirous of becoming parasites.

The Llano Cooperative Colony accepted the fundamental theory that we are chiefly animated by selfish desires. This is the essence of the economic determinist philosophy. Necessarily it attracted those who espouse this belief.

First of the social institutions was the General Assembly. It met twice a month. On the face of it, this seemed to be a genuine democracy. In practice it soon degenerated into a cruel mass dictatorship, without conscience or even a very high degree of intelligence as a group. It was a monstrous invention which compelled attendance at its meetings because none knew when he might be ferociously attacked and forced to make a defense. It was a sinister organization that became a veritable Frankenstein, an irresponsible, fickle body ideally constituted for the purpose of scheming politicians, hired spies, volunteer trouble-makers, and too voluble though well-intentioned visionaries. It permitted the widest range of free speech, which omitted nothing of a personal nature and spared none. It was a prolific legislative body, but lacked respect for its own laws.

But this intense democracy did not satisfy all. A commission was formed which died of malnutrition when the novelty had worn off. It, too, produced laws in quantity to which nobody paid the least attention. A constitution was drafted, a perfect gem of an instrument which provided for almost anything and everything, but which soon became a confusing network of inharmonious patches, with more patches ready to be put on. It absorbed so much attention that finally it was abolished by unanimous vote in order to permit the transaction of other business in the General Assembly.

But pure democracy was so unable to do anything efficiently, or even make up its own public mind, that an industrial government composed of heads of departments began meeting in the interests of efficiency and order. Gradually this body usurped power because it got results and got them quickly. Interested chiefly in facts and results, it passed little legislation.

Lastly there was the legal board of directors of the corporation and the general manager or superintendent. The board of directors was far from inactive, and was the court of last resort.

These various systems of government ran concurrently, a plethora of government which has possibly never been equaled. Llano Colony as an experiment station in government can honestly claim to have carried on the most thorough and complete series of experiments ever conducted by an interested, intelligent, and voluntary group.

The present system is a board of directors roughly representative of the industries. It is elected politically, but is in effect industrial. Represented on it are the woodworking, clerical, farming, merchandising, live-stock, legal, and miscellaneous departments. The general manager has full control, as in any corporation, subject to the board of directors. But always there is the right of recall, and stronger than that public opinion, which acting quickly and efficiently and without form or formality is a greater protection than any mere law or regulation. It is probable that the industrial representation will become more perfect, with organized groups back of each industrial representative. This will come with the closer organization, stabilization, and growth of the industries. It is the logical system in a community where all are workers and where professional politicians can have no place. Llano has discarded democratic management, but retains complete democratic control.

Creating a self-contained community is not a simple thing when there are handicaps of insufficient capital, the lure of high wages on the outside, privations incident to pioneering, and no successful and tested recipes, but on the contrary many glittering formulas largely untried and likely to be disappointing. This becomes further complicated when those engaged in the demonstration are not equipped by years of managerial experience or commercial training, and when there are no traditions of procedure established. Many a meal has consisted almost solely of beans, nutritious probably but not appetizing after a few days. Ideals which can survive such conditions and handicaps are surely well anchored. Many who responded to the call for volunteers to carry on the demonstration did not have the required powers of endurance. Some were temperamentally or otherwise unfitted.

The overcoming of employee-and-employer psychology is one of the tasks which has confronted the colony. It has

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led to a more intensive study of psychology than is common in most communities. The psychological problem is the most serious that the colony must deal with. Those who have, most of their lives, worked under orders sometimes react strangely when the restraint is removed. The colony plan is that all who are able to work must do so. When this rule is applied to the women it sometimes causes friction, for the average American woman (and foreign women seem to be no exception to this rule) is reared to expect to marry a man who will provide for her. She does not expect to work. This, however, is only occasionally a serious problem.

"What'll you do with the lazy under Socialism?"

This is another of the stock questions which the Socialist propagandist is called on to answer. In the colony it is a practical problem. Yet it has been found that many of the so-called lazy are only those who have been forced to labor at wholly distasteful tasks. By changing them from one job to another they usually find places into which they fit. The colony has had a few misfits. When industry after industry has tried them and has failed to work a reform, they must finally be eliminated. Public opinion usually attends to this, though the board of directors may be called on to back the general manager on occasion. Rarely, though, has official action been necessary.

There was one man whose pretext of illness seemed to be merely an excuse for idleness. Public opinion became quite outspoken. This was enough to put him to work again. Another member who seemed almost worthless finally found his niche in the hardest job on the ranch and remained with it month after month, earning the respect of all. Some are specialists with but little versatility, and if their specialty can not absorb them they drift away. Others—and the colony has many such—are extremely versatile.

Promoting workers is not always attended with the happiest results. One man, a farmer and timber-worker, was elevated to the position of solicitor for a colony industry, and provided by the colony with clothing suitable to wear when meeting the public. Few would have considered this much of a promotion, but it was the first job he had ever had which permitted him to wear a white collar while at work. He became insufferably vain and egotistical, and finally earned the downfall which usually comes to those who become puffed with self-importance. But others have been removed from positions of authority and have stayed on and worked willingly in other capacities. They have the spirit of the colony.

The chief concern of many persons who term themselves radicals has been with wages. This was true in the colony, for it drew its membership largely if not wholly from among those calling themselves radicals. The colony began business with an erroneous conception which almost proved fatal. It offered $4 a day wages. Back in 1914 this was pretty alluring bait. It was this comparatively high wage promise which attracted many who had little conception of principle not visualized in wages.

But it was soon demonstrated that to offer wages was a mistake, and the elimination of this error began at once. The wage system was not immediately wiped out. But it was gradually modified until it finally vanished entirely, and today the members of the colony are employed by it in much the same way that members of a family operate a farm. Their housing, food, clothing, entertainment, instruction, and other desires and needs are provided by cooperative group effort, just as the farm family, working cooperatively as a group, provides the living for the family but does not do it by the head of the family guaranteeing set wages to the sons and daughters.

This parallel of the farm family is a good one. It illustrates the social and essentially human side of colony life. Only those who believe thoroughly and unreservedly in the principles of genuine Christianity (without worship, form, ceremony, church, priest, or prayer) and are willing to live their beliefs will participate in this practical application of brotherhood. The eliminating of wages is more than the wiping out of a symbol: it means the changing of thought currents.

The colony is more than a demonstration of cooperation; it is a demonstration of brotherhood. Rent, interest, and profit will separate the members of a family; the tokens of rent, interest, and profit have a like tendency, though attenuated. Rent, interest, and profit, according to the belief of the colonists, thrive upon underpaid labor, for only the margin withheld can make such unearned increment possible. Therefore wages are suggestive if not emblematic of withheld earnings of labor. To abolish them, therefore, is to abolish even the taint; and to make still more easy the complete enthronement of brotherhood.

The practical application of this is not so difficult as it might seem. Every dwelling is owned by the community. The entire community is owned and controlled by its citizens. No rents are charged for these, which in the last analysis would merely be book accounts. To charge for food or clothing would be to open further useless accounts. To pay wages and then make charges and collect from the wages would be—and was—to compel a system of accounting really unnecessary. The colony owns its commissary, and this is stocked at colony expense. It is true that limits are at present placed on what each family or individual may draw from the common store, but here again the resemblance to the family life is seen. Many a father and mother have to restrain a son or daughter from depriving other sons or daughters of what is equitably due them.

Firewood is furnished by the colony. So are laundry service, meals at the hotel, lumber, brooms, bread, and shoes. These are colony products. The colony, operated on the family system, must provide its members with the necessities of life, and will provide such luxuries as become possible with increasing prosperity. Many colonists have their own gardens and prepare part of their meals at home. There is little necessity for the use of money, for elaborate accounting, or for more than a mere checking of expenses. Even at the hotel no records are kept with individuals.

Let us return for a moment to the solicitor with the white collar. The colony clothes its members as workers. The solicitor had to be suitably dressed, and he was. The suit made for him was a part of his equipment, just as was the automobile he used. Had he remained on the farm or in the colony timber, he would have been provided with overalls as his daily costume. The colony provides "good" clothes to be worn on its many festive occasions—its theatricals, dances, picnics, parties, outings, etc.

One of the greatest problems has of course been the economic, second only in importance to the psychological one. Anyone who has watched the development of a homestead

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will understand without much explanation. Land must be cleared and brought to productiveness; houses must be built, other buildings erected. Trees must be cut, hauled, sawed into lumber, the lumber seasoned. It means a vast amount of preparatory work, immense labor in getting ready to begin really productive operations. The colony problem is the homesteader's problem of accomplishing all of these and many other things when handicapped by insufficient capital. It is estimated that 50 per cent of individual homesteaders fail when within sight of their goal, their resources more than exhausted, their credit strained to the limit. Only a small percentage ever reap the rewards of their long, hard fight.

The colony must develop industries and is doing so. It is selling some lumber, bricks, and agricultural products and services. It sells sweet potatoes, rice, peanut butter, sugar-cane syrup. It has a blacksmith-shop and machine-shop, and a woodworking department, all of which do a good local business with neighbors. It manufactures sweet-potato shipping crates. Gradually it is becoming self-supporting by its own efforts. The elimination of many profits within the group tremendously reduces costs. Meals cost less than ten cents each, for instance. Electric lights are a part of the colony service to the individual without charge being made. When water is piped from the springs west of the colony, this service will also be free. The timber products will be converted into finished products, probably furniture. The exploitation of the soil resources is under way, and this year an effort is to be made to develop large Northern markets. The pioneering work has reached the point where profitable production becomes possible.

Let it not be misunderstood, this matter of the daily living. It is not a luxurious one. While there are no acute discomforts, yet such semi-luxuries as butter, ice cream, imported fruits, and similar articles are not on the daily menu, nor are they in evidence even on important occasions. But with the development of pasture lands and forage crops to permit a larger dairy, butter and cheese and ice cream will be manufactured for the use of colonists. Meanwhile, the colonists must live largely on what they can produce, which is what the pioneering homesteader does. When the colony can develop its recently acquired citrus lands in Cuba, and operate its own boat—it has one—it can supply its residents with citrus fruits in abundance.

But this enforced frugality has its advantages. It is stamping itself on the characters of the colonists, and thrift and economy are ingrained in every enterprise and undertaking.

The Llano Cooperative Colony is a community of demonstration and experimentation where American workers are engaged in creating new ideals and reducing them to a practical working basis, where the most complete form of co-operation is being organized to function without friction, and where theory is discarded as soon as it is found impractical. The Llano ideals as practiced by the colonists constitute a religion, a genuine one, though without priest or preacher, pulpit or church, sermon or prayer, form or ceremony, worship or protestation. It is a religion which the early Christians could easily understand, for it closely follows the teachings of Christ. Llano Colony without a church is also without a saloon, bootlegger, immoral section, jail, or peace officer. Its churchless religion is universally observed by its citizens.

Coolidge's Country

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

WE come to the shore of Lake Champlain. We are on the New York side. We come, and we stop, and we await a ferry. We think we see it approaching across the water from the Vermont side. Ahead of us there is a car with a Vermont license on it. We pull up beside this car and look at its occupant. He is manifestly a country-side person. We address him. We say: "Are you waiting for a ferry?" We gaze at him companionably. He gazes at us with no apparent hostility, with no apparent cordiality, and with no apparent curiosity. He opens his lips. He says "Yes." He closes his lips and ceases from further garrulousness. "Have you been waiting long?" "No."

We climb a very long hill and turn into a valley which stretches before us for several miles with appealing alternations of wild woods and soft meadows. To our left there rises a considerable mountain. Pastures have been pushed up its side almost to its top at certain places and only to a short distance from its base at other places. It is in part a wilderness and in part a habitation. It, for some reason which we do not know and never have known, has what so many Vermont mountains have—a magical mingling of harshness and of aching eeriness. It says something very poignant, and it is mute. . . .

We climb an extraordinarily high and steep hill and descend into a valley all of stillness and come to a country store and across the road from it see the Coolidge house. Many cars are standing in front of it. They bear license tags from Vermont, from New York, from Illinois, from other States. One of them, with a New York tag, is a very large car. A large and luxurious woman gets out of it, stands on the edge of the road, looks at the Coolidge house, and says: "To think that the family of the President would live in a house like that!" . . .

It is a better house than some families in some Vermont villages have. It is a worse house than some other families have. The village is charming. Almost all the villages that we have seen on our way are neat and sweet and charming. This one has more charm than some of them. It has less charm than some others of them. If all the villages that we have seen, and if all the houses that we have seen in them, were minced and lumped, and if then a slice was taken off them, it would be this village and this house. . . .

The clerk in the large hotel in the little near-by metropolis had said:

"Yes, Coolidge often came in here. He would walk up to the desk and sign the register. Then he would walk into the dining-room. He never looked around the lobby. He would walk into the dining-room and sit down and eat his dinner. Then he would get up and walk out of the dining-room and come to the desk and pay his bill. Then he would walk out into the street and go away. He never looked around. He never tried to pick up any votes in the lobby. He ate his dinner and never said anything and went away. I know him well." . . .

In a road-side farmhouse where tourists were accommodated we had mentioned a statesman who had declared for Coolidge for President in 1924. Our host said:

"We noticed him declaring himself that way so soon.

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What do you think he wants? And if he doesn't want anything, why does he talk so much?"

"Are you for Coolidge?" said we.

"Coolidge is a good man," said he.

"Are you for him?" said we.

"Well, everybody here knows Calvin," said he. . . .

The elder Coolidge stands in his little low-ceilinged parlor and greets the pilgrims to the scene of his son's boyhood. A woman pilgrim seats herself at a table and lifts a girl child to her lap and guides the child's hand in tracing her name in the Coolidge guest-book. This book was destined by its manufacturers to be a school notebook. Since so many pilgrims would like to sign their names, it is now a guest-book. The elder Coolidge chats with the child while the child's hand is moved along in its unsteady scrawl. He turns to chat with a pilgrim who has just come in. He turns to chat with a third arrival, and then with a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, endlessly. His manner is oddly like that of President Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia. There is the same deliberateness, the same imperturbability, the same engaging gentleness, and the same disengaged, essentially unapproachable inward aloofness. One is at ease with him. One cannot be familiar with him. He has in simple truth the same democracy that the Pyrrhic ambassadors saw at Rome when they reported that in Rome there were no kings and everybody was regal. . . .

A few miles to the southward we come upon Park Pollard, Calvin Coolidge's first cousin, Democratic candidate for United States Senator; and he remarks: "No, there is no farm bloc here. Our farmers are not asking the Federal Government for anything. They have been having a hard time making a living for two hundred years, let alone twenty months." . . .

We cross the Connecticut River and arrive in New Hampshire and meet an old friend who knows everything about everything in the public life of New Hampshire and who tells us about New Hampshire's new Governor Fred Brown.

"Brown is a Yankee," says he. "He is very Yankee. Of course he is not quite so Yankee as Coolidge." . . .

We begin to pass increasing numbers of fruit stores and restaurants manned by Greeks and mills peopled heavily by French Canadians. We leave them behind and pass into the town of Sharon. Here are clearings that are ceasing to be clearings and becoming wild woods once more. Here are houses that once were habitations and are now histories. Yankee life once filled these roads—these twisting, interlacing roads—with busy exchanges of Yankee trade. Now few are the wheels that these roads know except from afar; and now to the speech and to the manner which so few years since were this town's commonplace the admiring tourist exclaims as in a museum: "How Yankee!"

We come to a great city and we hold converse with a statesman of a race not Yankee and he remarks: "It has been brought about that here in this New England community it is a virtual disbarment from local office to be a Yankee." . . .

We talk to a statesman of Yankee descent. He says: "Coolidge does not simply come from New England. He represents and is New England." . . .

For Coolidge's country, says the roving reporter, it is as if in imperial Rome, amid Gauls and Spaniards and encroaching Illyrians, and amid un-Roman Romans, the city had suddenly seen on the throne of the Emperor a Cato the Censor.

Pennsylvania Justice

(The text below is the greater part of a report submitted to Governor Pinchot regarding the arrests in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, of speakers representing the Workers Party and of Robert W. Dunn of the Civil Liberties Union. In the name of the Governor the Attorney General of Pennsylvania urged the defendants to appeal the case. A petition for appeal has already been filed.)

THE McKeesport meeting of Sunday evening, September 9, had been advertised in advance by the use of cards which were passed around among the workers. Slovak Hall, a moderate-sized building on White Street, had been secured by a citizen of McKeesport, a barber and a member of the Workers Party. He had paid $5 in advance to the director of the hall, and had applied for it in the name of the Workers Party. Sunday evening J. Lovestone, Fred Merrick, Tom Meyerscough, Attorney Shaffer of Pittsburgh, Robert Dunn, and a number of others went to McKeesport and to the hall. There they found the director of the hall standing in the doorway and refusing to let them come in. They were informed that the hall could not be obtained because no permit had been secured from the mayor. The director of the hall said that it was a part of the by-laws of his association that a permit must first be secured. Attorney Shaffer and the others challenged the statement and asked him to produce the by-laws, which he refused to do. Then Police Captain Mermelheim appeared and instructed the speakers that "no meetin' would be held," and that they would have to have a permit from the mayor. He enforced his statement by locking the door of the hall, after the speakers had withdrawn from the steps.

The speakers then conferred and decided to tell the crowd to follow them to a private lot at Walnut and 13th Streets, some three-quarters of a mile away, which had been rented for this very emergency, full price being paid and the receipt being made out to the Workers Party. Representatives circulated quietly among the crowd and told the people to follow them to the lot. The crowd followed in an orderly manner, walking on the sidewalk in twos and threes. The motor-cycle police began rushing up and down the street as though preparing for war. The speakers proceeded to the lot which is surrounded by a wooden fence with a gate at the side. Walking to the middle of the grass plot, Thomas Meyerscough, secretary of the Progressive Miners' Organization, introduced Fred Merrick. As the police had not yet arrived in any numbers, Meyerscough was not arrested, and Merrick began his speech. He stopped after about two minutes to tell the crowd not to push against the fence but to come inside, which they did. A considerable number remained standing on the sidewalk outside. Merrick had spoken probably a minute more when he saw the police captain and his force pushing through the crowd from the back. He asked the crowd to make way without resistance, which it immediately did, the police pushing in, and the captain shouting "I told you you couldn't meet without a permit," and placing Merrick under arrest.

Dunn then opened his mouth and raised his arm, declaring "I am here to speak about the Constitution," whereupon the officers released Merrick and went for him. He was arrested, and Lovestone repeated substantially the same remark and was also arrested. William Makadis, a barber, was arrested for holding an American flag behind

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the speakers, and Patrick Toohey, Jr., was taken in custody for having a bundle of literature in his possession which he had not yet distributed or attempted to sell. Lieutenant H. Fred Kreilings was active in helping Captain Mermelheim during the arrests.

The five were taken to the police station, locked up, and thoroughly searched. The charge of disorderly conduct and desecrating the Sabbath was placed and bail set at $25 each. Attorney Shaffer, who had been on the grounds at the time of the arrests, asked one of the policemen why he too had not been given a free ride to the station, and was informed that if he had addressed the audience or even said "My fellow-citizens" he would have been taken in with the others.

Next morning, ours was the first case called before Magistrate Langsdorf. Captain Mermelheim told the story of the arrests, stating, among other things, that a crowd of over a thousand persons had gathered on the street outside the lot and had obstructed traffic. He gave an exaggerated figure of the number of persons who had followed us from the hall to the lot. Attorney Shaffer asked for the charge, and the magistrate informed us it was not only for disorderly conduct and desecrating the Sabbath, but also for holding a meeting without a permit.

When the lieutenant was asked why Makadis had been taken, he said he had been holding an American flag and had been talking in Greek. Makadis declared that he had said nothing until after they had arrested him. Patrick Toohey was taken, not for speaking, but for having in his possession the bundle of literature. The policeman who arrested him admitted he had not seen Toohey selling or distributing any of the pamphlets. Another policeman, when asked what Dunn had said, replied "He got as far as the Constitution, and I stopped him."

The contents of the pamphlet seemed to have got under the skin of the magistrate, for holding it in his hand he exclaimed "What right have you fellows got to come in here and say a thing like this?" referring to a paragraph in the pamphlet containing the statement that Mayor Lysle was reported to own stock in the McKeesport Tin Plate Company. The magistrate vigorously affirmed that the statement was not true, whereupon Attorney Shaffer inquired what the truth or falseness of this statement had to do with the charges against the five.

Attorney Shaffer then inquired if there was an ordinance prohibiting political meetings on Sunday. He was informed by the magistrate that there was. He asked to see the ordinance, but was told that they didn't have it there but that he could see it later. Shaffer then pointed out that he had been reliably informed that almost at the same hour that the arrests were made Mayor Lysle, together with J. Denny O'Neil, candidate for county commissioner, had been addressing a meeting at the Hungarian Club three doors away from the police station. The magistrate replied that this was on private property of the club. Shaffer retorted that the Workers Party meeting was held on private property, rented and paid for by the party. One of the associate justices broke in to say: "Aw, that was only a social affair at the club." The handbills announcing the meeting, however, said nothing about a social affair but advertised it as a meeting at which Republican candidates would be heard.

After a series of arguments Attorney Shaffer said he had nothing more to say and the magistrate fined each of the defendants $25 and costs ($2.50 each). After a conference in one of the cells, it was agreed to pay the fine under protest and appeal the case.

Later in the morning Shaffer, Lovestone, and Dunn called on the mayor to get a copy of the ordinance which the police officials informed them was in the mayor's office. Mayor Lysle curtly informed us that there was no such ordinance, that permits were granted by him on his own authority, and that the arrests had been made on his order. He claimed that the local police regulations gave him discretion to "regulate meetings." He was asked: "When the meetings are held on private property?" He replied: "I'm not going to discuss this with you. If you want to carry the matter any farther, get a transcript and appeal." When asked why the men had been fined under an ordinance which he admitted did not exist, he rejoined gruffly: "I refuse to talk about it with you men."

It was also discovered that no ordinance existed covering Sabbath desecration, but that the charges had been brought under some ancient blue law of Pennsylvania.

It is interesting to note that the same speakers who were arrested at McKeesport addressed a free-speech rally in Pittsburgh on the same afternoon. They intended to deliver the same addresses at McKeesport, and Mr. Lovestone had presented a copy of his to Governor Pinchot and to Senator Pepper. The meeting in Pittsburgh was held without any interference, and police protection was given by Mayor Magee.

In the Driftway

ONE of the Drifter's young friends has become the owner of a farm in the Berkshires, and recently the Drifter was prevailed upon to visit him. He duly admired the brook and the spring; he gasped over the view from the back windows; and the fine, simple proportions of a house built the year George Washington died were not lost upon him. This purchase of the soil of the Puritans, he decided, had many things to recommend it. To be sure, a farm, in any location, was something of a responsibility. What, he was moved to wonder, would the young man do with the fields that lay in front and alongside the house; they were clean and short-grassed; cows grazed in them quietly. Would a gentleman from the city, who planned to spend summers and some week-ends at his farm, be able to milk his cows by telephone, or would he be content to let the weeds and thistles crowd out the pasture?

* * * * *

NOT his friend but a neighbor who was likewise a city importation explained the difficulty. "Oh, well," she said, "we tried at first to keep them down, but it was too much work. We are planting our fields in pines now and they are no more trouble at all." The Drifter said nothing, but in his mind's eye he saw many things: a band of intrepid souls progressing along the Connecticut River, over the banks of which the primeval forest leaned darkly; a small stockade settlement named Hartford from which the forest had retreated only a little and that painfully; clearings in the timber made with immeasurable sweat and sore muscles and dulled ax blades; fields made fit to plow by countless backs lame from lifting stones and possibly not a few bent crowbars when a big rock was too much for them; and, finally, the hills that rose around him as he turned wore a different aspect: to their very tops, even of that sharp,

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high, cone-shaped one yonder, the tillers had gone relentlessly, and the young corn sprang from the hillsides, nearer the sky than it had ever been.

* * * * *

THE Drifter sighed. Times had changed indeed. Now these very fields were being planted in pines so that they would no longer give trouble. Well, they had given trouble enough. It was the end of a cycle, and the forest was to have its chance again. The Drifter wondered if the time would come when it would again have to be conquered with sweat and with blood. He was recalled from his musings by the neighbor's voice: "Are you not tempted, too?" she asked. "Would not your driftings end pleasantly at a little farm up in these hills?" Even a drifter realizes that he must give up his job sometime, but it took the Drifter almost five minutes to explain why, in such an event, it would be quite impossible for him to become the owner of any property. "Think, madam," he said, "what would happen: Imagine that I have signed and sealed a contract never to drift any more. I follow your advice about not letting the fields give me any trouble; I am engaged in planting a pine in the northwest corner of my farthest field; to all appearances my life is at last orderly and full of labor; and suddenly a blackbird on the bough of a pine which I, unfortunately, did not arrive early enough to plant, addresses a remark to me which I cannot but think impertinent and then with a flirt of his tail flies out of my sight. Do you think, madam, that any self-respecting drifter would hesitate a single second? Such a challenge could not be ignored. Does that blackbird have to spend his days in planting pines? Does he consider himself bound by any petty hundred and fifty acres of responsibility to remain in one spot? No, no. He can drift where he will and the last person to deprive himself of a like privilege would be

THE DRIFTER"

Correspondence

The Etiquette of Big Business

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I did not chance to be among the fortunate who saw the late unpleasantness between Messrs. Dempsey and Firpo, so, as befits a good American, I hastened to repair the loss at the nearest moving-picture emporium.

It is the middle of the first round. The Wild Bull of the Pampas is on his back uncertain whether it is today or the week after next. Mr. Dempsey crosses his prostrate body and takes up a nonchalant position in the corner of the ring, leaning against the post with arms flung along the ropes. Nonchalant enough, but, as we shall presently see, not without a certain element of watchful waiting. The Wild Bull throws out an arm, turns over, and slowly struggles to his feet as the count creeps up. He rises, still dreaming, hands harmless at his sides, head forward, like a child who stumbles from his nap. Mr. Dempsey becomes anything but nonchalant. He steps forward like a spring unbent, and slams that inquiring head a quite dreadful right, fair on the kisser. Why it was not the end of Mr. Firpo only an inscrutable Providence knows. As Dempsey struck, the audience almost to a man hissed and groaned its disapproval, and it is probable that many in the Polo Ground audience did the same.

The ethical aspects of that wallop detain us. A friend who was with me declared hotly that Dempsey was entirely in the right, and that, to put it baldly, the protestants were boobs. My friend said that it was a fight for the heavyweight championship of the world. It was a serious affair. Everything that either man could do, provided it lay within the rules, was not only his right but his duty. Firpo was on his feet. Firpo was a dangerous man as subsequent history disclosed. When you drive a man out of position in a tennis championship, do you return his weak lob where he can make a recovery? You do not; you kill it, and properly so. Dempsey, as a good sportsman, had no other choice but to take this fair chance to end the fight and defend his championship. For the crowd to howl him down was sentimental nonsense.

All this I granted, except the premise—the premise being that this was a sporting event. It seemed to me, after giving consideration to all the facts involved, that it was not so much a sport we had witnessed as a business enterprise, and thus it fell under the sanction not of athletic rules but of commercial etiquette. The affair, I argued, was on all fours with a major industry. Its legal contracts, percentages, capitalization, advertising methods, balance sheets, profit-and-loss accounts, utilization of by-products (its moving-picture rights, radio rights, training-camp rights, serial and story rights would shame the Chicago packers) placed it in a category of which even Mr. Veblen himself could afford to take notice. And granting that the enterprise was a duly qualified industry and not a sporting event, it followed inevitably that the consumer had a certain place in the premises. Not, God knows, because industry has ever cast a sympathetic eye in his direction, but simply and solely because of the unfortunate law of diminishing returns. Adulterate all that you can get away with, but do not adulterate your market out of existence. Is there anything in modern business more cardinal than this axiom? Good. If Mr. Dempsey wallops a helpless Mr. Firpo a right to the kisser within seventy seconds of the opening gong, thereby removing him a few light-years from space and time, what has a ringside consumer got for his $21.75? A torn collar and a grouch. Consumers have their place, modest though it may be. The sum of money which had been saved against a new winter overcoat is, after all, essential to the continuation of a sound business policy and reasonable levels of profit in this particular industry. Mr. Dempsey as a sporting champion had a right and a duty to paste the dreaming Mr. Firpo, but as a business man, mindful of his market, rights and duties lay elsewhere. It is therefore difficult to compose too great a stricture upon Mr. Dempsey's breach of faith with his customers, and with all the sturdy canons of American pep, salesmanship, and business enterprise. In an unforgivable moment he jeopardized an industry with all its balance sheets, marred capital and by-products combined, and we did well—excellently well—to hiss and groan as the Wild Bull steered for Paradiso.

What, sir, is your mature judgment as to the merits of this controversy?

New York, September 25 STUART CHASE

Hugo Stinnes Denies It

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We received a copy of *The Nation* of August 29, in which Mr. Jerome Lachenbruch claims that Herr Stinnes controls from 40 to 90 per cent of the press of Germany.

As manager of the newspaper owned by Herr Stinnes I am in a position to assure you that he owns but the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (published in Berlin and Frankfurt am Main), the *Industrie- und Handelszeitung*, and the *Frankfurter Nachrichten*.

Herr Stinnes neither owns nor controls any other daily newspaper.

OFFICE OF HUGO STINNES, HUMANN
Berlin, Germany, September 11

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On Criticizing the President

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: . . . May I say how thoroughly I approve the editorial in *The Nation* of August 29, On Exalting the President. Whenever we reach the point where the President or any other public official cannot be criticized, democratic institutions will be in jeopardy. Criticism of public officials is essential to the preservation of our form of government. When it degenerates into calumny and slander it is quite a different thing, but we have laws to reach that. The remedy is not suppression of criticism nor suppression of free speech nor suppression or censorship of the press.

William G. McAdoo

Los Angeles, September 7

The *Spectator* and Mr. Massingham

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It may seem ungrateful and niggardly to complain of a detail in connection with so charming a compliment as you paid the *Spectator* in an editorial note in your issue of August 1, but since you are so ardent a crusader for the truth, perhaps you will pardon me. In praising the editor of the *Spectator* for his broadmindedness in publishing articles by Mr. Massingham on "The Other Side," you say, "There is also, of course, the chance, *not mentioned* by Mr. Strachey, that the enlistment of so brilliant a writer among the *Spectator's* regular staff may attract new readers." And yet you yourself quoted just above that, Mr. Strachey's introductory remarks to Mr. Massingham's first article where he said: "This is not virtue on our part, but common sense and *good business*." What else in the newspaper world does "good business" mean if not more readers? Your implication was, I am afraid, slightly typical and certainly unnecessary, as Mr. Strachey would always be the first to admit any mercenary motives. And in fact, he was!

The Spectator, London, September 5

Joseph Brewer,
Private Secretary

Student Government Grows Up

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The readers of *The Nation* will undoubtedly be interested to learn of the new and significant role that the students of the New School for Social Research—an institution for adult education—have assumed in the work of education. With the sanction of the board of directors and the faculty they have arranged through their organization, the Students' Cooperative Association, for a course in Nineteenth Century Thought to be given by Morris Cohen, Professor of Philosophy in C. C. N. Y. at the New School this fall. In every respect the giving of this course represents purely a students' activity. The whole responsibility—arranging the course, choosing the instructor, securing the students, and paying the costs—is theirs. This students' course will be supplementary to the regular schedule offered by the school itself.

The students' movement at the New School has arisen out of the idea held by the students and faculty alike that if education is to be a living and creative force in the lives of men and women it must first become the common business and vital concern of both student and instructor.

The first step in giving this idea embodiment was, obviously, the formation of a student organization. This was accomplished several months ago with the definite purpose in view of bringing the students into intimate contact with their subject, instructor, and school activity and also of giving them a voice in the management of their own affairs, or in other words, in their education.

How far such a work will advance depends entirely on our ability to extend the membership of the school among such men and women as are alert to the advantages of the opportunity afforded by the New School. Given a sufficient number of students well organized, their activity can be constantly enlarged until it at last assumes the entire management of the whole business of education. This surely is a high and remote aim. But one closer to hand and hence more important is the recruiting of other students in sympathy with the work that the Students' Cooperative Association of the New School has begun. Therefore, any reader of *The Nation* who is interested is asked to send his name to the secretary of the Students' Cooperative Association of the New School, 465 West 23rd Street, who will mail him the necessary literature.

New York, September 10

Gustav Peck,
Chairman of the Students' Cooperative Ass'n

Against Gorki

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To Gorki's testimony on the cruelty of the Russian peasant and your editorial welcoming the truth as a counter-irritant to the "sugar-coated romanticism" to which we have been treated, I wish to add a word.

When the priest Butchkavich was executed in Moscow last spring, the correspondent of a New York paper who had been refused the renewal of his visa, wrote from beyond the border a story of torture preceding the execution which the papers in America copied with avidity. There was, of course, no foundation for the story. But it was many weeks before the real story—the fact that the prisoner was treated with every consideration—was published at all in America.

In Moscow last June I met an American woman who had been at some pains to ascertain the exact facts about the execution. She is the wife of an engineer; together they had spent a year and a half in remote sections of Siberia, traveling by sledge and living for the whole of that time in peasants' houses. Her comment on the false newspaper story comes back to me as I read Gorki's article. She said: "In the first place, it was stupid. One cannot have lived as I have close to these people and believe that it is in their nature to inflict gratuitous cruelties. They are the gentlest people in the world."

She has but two years of residence and observation to offer against Gorki's lifetime. Yet I cannot think her testimony is negligible, especially as it coincides exactly with my own impressions gathered in two brief weeks. I shall not readily forget the way our train was delayed and searched by conductor, brakeman, and customs officials, all evidently peasant boys, not for liquor, guns, or counter-revolutionary literature but for our children who were safe in Paris. Their pictures were on the passport, which was enough, even in view of the parents' composure, to upset the schedule until a bilingual passenger made everything clear. I wondered what chance a Russian immigrant would have had of the same consideration in America.

I cannot feel that Gorki's article has added material light where light is badly needed.

Houlgate, France, September 16

Constance L. Todd

About Art

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Perhaps you will accord an occasional contributor to your columns the privilege of replying in them to what seem to be misconceptions in your editorial of August 22 entitled Confession and Photography. Permit me to confine myself to four points which seem to me to represent the confusion of the editorial in question. You say (1) that "detached observation in the scientific sense" is "a thing impossible in the life of art"; (2) that "the most delicately made photograph gives

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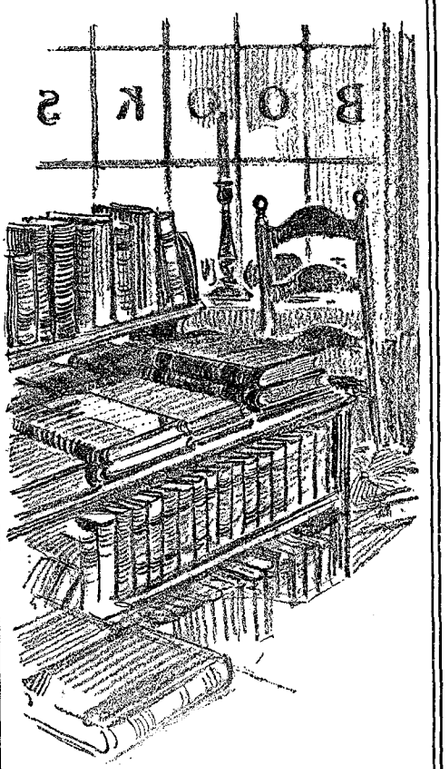

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the quantitative equivalent of that upon which the lens is turned"; (3) that "neither the lens of the camera nor of the eye can omit some things and give the essence of others"; (4) that "art" is "confession and abbreviation," a statement which is followed by the no less dogmatic ones that "all art is symbolic" and that "realistic art symbolizes by essences."

1. Observation is itself detached, unless you mean that the artist's observation is directed toward the particular in an effort to attain to some phase of the object's "whatness," and that the scientist's observation is motivated by the desire to discover laws—also ultimately directed toward the object's "whatness"—your distinction is without meaning. On the ground of relative detachedness, no distinction is to be made between artist and scientist.

2. I don't know what that sentence about the "quantitative equivalent" means, and challenge your writer to show that it means anything.

3. Both the lenses, of the eye and of the camera, can omit some things by the simple expedient of choosing what they shall look at. Or rather, the man with eyes selects what he shall include in his camera's field of vision. This is a very old process, which used to be known by the name of composition—one used by all intelligent photographers, as you could have discovered by inquiring. As for "giving the essence" of things, you make the old mistake of preferring one medium to another. A work gives the essence of a thing, according as the craftsman has intensity and mastery. But, taking you on your own ground, it is unquestionable that the camera can instantaneously record greater detail in a briefer space of time than the hand of any draftsman who ever lived. So if the master photographer comes along, as I believe he has in the person of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, he can give at least as much of the "essence of things" in his work as a worker in any other plastic medium.

4. As against your statement that art is confession and abbreviation, I have the word of Mr. Gaston Lachaise that art begins with "amplification" (see *Manuscripts*, No. 4). I don't pretend to judge between your writer and Mr. Lachaise who, I suppose, you will concede is an artist. As to the rest of the muddle about what art is and is not, that may be amusing, if not enlightening, for people who have never looked at a painting or listened to music.

New York, September 1 HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

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International Relations Section

The United States of Europe

By FRIDTJOF TOKSVIG

THE dull air of the conference was tense for a moment. The delegates had ceased their subdued conversation and were now crowded about a speaker: Theodore E. Burton from the United States. He leaned loosely against the speaker's stand and turned his gray face toward a tall, thin man who might have been a clergyman or a school teacher. He began to speak in a characteristic American voice, with marked accent and unexpected volume. If the honorable gentleman from Sweden had wished to embarrass the United States he could hardly have chosen a better method. But perhaps the gentleman from Sweden would withdraw his motion? The tall thin man came forward slowly. The conversation rose again. M. Lindhagen of Stockholm had moved that the conference request the United States to join the League of Nations and aid in the reconstruction of Europe.

It was a significant challenge; would Europe risk a break with America, would the delegate from Sweden withdraw his motion? Someone raised a point of order. The chairman conferred with the secretary general. Then all eyes were turned to the rostrum again. M. Lindhagen was speaking, not in his own melodious Swedish but in the harsher language of Germany, more suited to the obstinate set of his mouth. M. Lindhagen refused to withdraw his motion; the conference was trying to compromise; it was a matter of great principles; you could not compromise on great principles. The distinguished chairman said that the motion could not be placed on the agenda without first being accepted by the Council. How many were in favor of bringing it before the Council? M. Lindhagen raised his hand; a few others followed his example. Six in all. Against? A sea of hands. The American delegation relaxed in their seats, and Mr. Burton caressed his gold watch chain.

Another conference! Genoa, Cannes, Lausanne, and now in August, 1923—Copenhagen. But this was not a conference of Premiers, with the United States as an enigmatic factor. It was the twenty-first Interparliamentary Conference, and all the countries of Europe except Russia and Greece were represented. The United States, Germany, and France met on an equal footing. And two new groups, Esthonia and Ireland, were represented for the first time.

The League of Nations has not made the Interparliamentary Union superfluous, at least not for the time being. The old Union was formed during the World Exhibition in Paris in 1889, and when it was reconstructed after the war the question of its relation to the League was discussed, first at a Council meeting in Geneva in 1919 and later at the first post-war conference in Stockholm in 1921. It was found that there were practical political reasons for maintaining the Union. The Interparliamentary Union includes countries which are not members of the League; it gives a fuller expression of public opinion than the government representatives at Geneva; it has a strong influence on the work of the League; and finally, it furnishes a free and neutral meeting place for the parliamentarians of the world. Even Italy was represented.

The actual proceedings were uninteresting. As the Danish chairman, Dr. Moltesen, made the opening speech an observer from the press gallery could have looked down on a gathering of over seven hundred European, Asiatic, and American delegates. He would have seen the professorial face of Dembinski, the leader of the Polish group; La Fontaine from Belgium, with his great white walrus mustache and bald head like yellow ivory; the bearded face of Albert Thomas from the International Labor Office; Lord Treowen of the English delegation, tall, spare, hook-nosed—a pillar of the Empire; Count Apponyi, a Continental edition of Bernard Shaw without the Shavian insouciance; the expressive features of Senator Douglas from Ireland. Then he would have seen the members of the conference rise to their feet as the chairman mentioned the names of the members who had died, and would have heard him continue in his clear, fluent French:

> Most people shake their heads at statesmen with high ideals . . . but despite the shaking of heads and ironical remarks, idealism shows its power in that both parliamentarians and diplomats must bow before it to get the peoples to follow them. Despite all treason against it, it lives on from generation to generation and is that which ennobles our work. . . . And as I close with the old wish "pax in terra et in hominibus bona voluntas" I declare the twenty-first conference open.

But peace on earth and good-will are often jeopardized when such resolutions as parliamentary control of foreign policy, the treatment of colonial mandates, the question of disarmament, and the position of national minorities are on the agenda. And the conference had not been sitting long before the deadlock in the Ruhr reechoed in a clash between German and French delegates. It was during the discussion of a disarmament resolution proposed by Munch of Denmark that Dr. Berzeviczy of Austria arose and with an arresting cast of his hand declared: "The Allied Powers are arming, but against whom? Surely not against the nations who were beaten in the last war. No, they fear one another!" The stream of feeling rose. The French were not very fully represented at the conference. Indeed, the French and Belgian ambassadors in Copenhagen had refused to take part in the opening festivities. They had feared a clash with the numerous German delegation. But fear of a clash was not enough to prevent it; now the clash came.

Hitherto the members had listened more or less casually and had carried on conversations with each other. But suddenly there was a dead silence, and that mysterious something which in parliaments tells members in the corridors that "something is going on" had collected the delegates in an expectant mass about the speaker's stand. A German member flung the first brand into the assembly. Dr. Ludwig Quidde, author of the anti-Kaiser book "Caligula" and a delegate from Germany, was given the floor. He began in a slow, even voice; an old man with a high bald head and a thin neck inclosed by a three-inch collar. But his voice soon trembled with passion.

> The occupation of the Ruhr is a misfortune for Germany, a misfortune for Europe, a misfortune for the world. I entreat the world to guard against this danger. The League of Nations should be the great fire-engine for extinguishing the danger of fire and violence. Now the house is blazing but the firemen cannot agree sufficiently to put out the fire. There are no war-like tendencies in Germany. Even if Ludendorff and Hinden-

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burg regained power, they would not think of war. Every German would regard such a thought as madness.

The German delegation applauded and Dr. Quidde continued:

If a strong French delegation had been here today, Germans and Frenchmen could have discussed the questions which lie between them. But there are only two representatives for France and their words can bind no one. I am opposed to German sabotage and German violence in the Ruhr, but believe me, even more frightful things will happen in the Ruhr if France continues her present policy.

The conference was in dignified uproar. Only Lord Treowen and the wooden-faced Japanese seemed unaffected. It was long since the Danish parliament-hall had experienced such commotion; this was more vital than the fall of the price of butter on the English market. A score of different languages blended and rose to meet the ears of the listeners in the galleries. The chairman seemed to have forgotten his "pax in terra et in hominibus bona voluntas" as he tapped the gavel and announced that Senator Merlin had the floor.

This Frenchman flamed in his eloquence. He spoke in a way foreign to a German, a Scandinavian, or an Anglo-Saxon. The smooth French syllables rose to heights of tense excitement, slid down to persuasive entreaty, rolled in threatening sentences. Senator Merlin did not mention the Ruhr. He talked of the policy of France.

No country in the world loves peace more than France. We have shown that time and time again. I shall name two examples. When the war broke out in 1914, the French army remained ten miles back of its own frontier, and it was not France that entered German territory, but Germany which attacked France. And in 1918 France agreed to make peace with a beaten foe at a time when the French army could have entered the enemy's territory without difficulty. . . .

The goal to strive for was a United States of Europe on the Swiss or the American model by means of mutual treaties of an economic and political nature. M. Merlin ended his speech with a passionate appeal:

France must have reparations. Over two millions of the flower of French youth have died on the battlefield or as a result of the war. That loss can never be replaced. But when the Germans were driven out of northern France, it was a completely devastated country. Everything above ground was razed and only dust remained. *That* loss can be replaced. All treaties must be kept and that of Versailles also.

Senator Merlin's speech met with even more applause than the words of Dr. Quidde. And after a few conciliatory remarks by another member, he was answered by Herr Wilhelm Heile. Heile would have delighted the Allied cartoonists during the war. There is a straight line from the back of his head to his shoulders; he is short and stocky and close-cropped. He did not gesture but there was much directness about him. His voice, like the whir of a projectile, compelled silence. He turned toward Senator Merlin:

The federative idea has long been carried into practice in Germany. German organization bears within itself the fundamental idea of the United States of Europe, and it is this fundamental idea in Germany which is threatened with destruction. Yes, we signed the Treaty of Versailles, but we signed it because we *had to*, we signed under protest.

And with that instinct for the dramatic ending which like hunger is international, he closed by saying:

When the French have withdrawn from German soil, we Germans will be the first to extend to them the hand of friendship.

But little by little as the conference went on, the seeming confusion cleared and lines of national policy stood out sharply. And though often only one man spoke from a group his voice was the voice of a nation. The spokesman for the American group said not "I" but "the people of the United States." Some of the nations made no spectacular contribution to the proceedings, though their work in the committee rooms and in the corridors was perhaps none the less effective for that. Such was the English delegation, calm, cool, and reticent. During the Ruhr episode, Lord Treowen was busily occupied in looking for his glasses under a chair. The Japanese said nothing at all during the sittings, but listened very carefully and made many notes. The attitude of three other great Powers could, however, not be mistaken.

Germany has many demands. She wants her minorities in other countries placed on an equal footing with the national population. Said Loebe, President of the German Reichstag:

Germany is willing to pay. The German people not only want to pay because they have signed the Treaty of Versailles, but because they consider it a moral obligation to pay. However, Germany can only pay within the limit of the possible, and where is that limit? I am in favor of Germany joining the League of Nations. And it is my hope that this conference may help to lift the murk of hate which hangs over the reparations question, and that the day is not far distant when the German people can take the hands of the French people in friendship.

France, said Senator Merlin, stands by the Treaty of Versailles.

The war is over. In 1871 we paid the five milliards we owed before the expiration of the time stated. Now it is the other way round, and France is in financial straits. There is no talk of wanting to punish Germany but we *need* reparations, we cannot do without them. Therefore, we have to demand that the Treaty of Versailles be held to.

He regretted that America's attitude was such as it was, but hoped that an arrangement of the American debt would be arrived at. That which France owed she must pay. He appealed once more to America to help Europe.

The United States does not wish to be involved in the difficulties of Europe. Said Mr. Burton:

There must be a differentiation between debt and reparations for damage. Reparations is a punishment laid upon a beaten enemy, while debt is a voluntary obligation which must be carried out. The United States wishes to help Europe, but cannot as long as these two questions are viewed from the same angle.

The conference closed with a banquet given by the Danish Government. There was no visible international misunderstanding. Wine, good food, and many new friends. Difficulties which are hidden away fester and rot; talking it over is like hanging them out in the air. And the international machinery is becoming stronger. Copenhagen had, for a moment, felt the breath of both the old and the new Europe. It bade the conference farewell with reluctance, and the next morning awoke to greet a new one. Andrew J. Volstead and five hundred anti-alcoholists had come to town.

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Revolution in Bulgaria

THE following discussion of the Bulgarian situation, printed in the *International Press Correspondence* of August 30, reveals some of the circumstances which lie back of the present revolutionary upheavals in that country.

The Government which seized power by the coup of June 9, and the irresponsible factors acting in its service, have flung themselves, with all the forces at the disposal of white terror and reaction, upon the Communist Party, and especially upon those workers and poor peasants forced to defend themselves on the day of the coup d'etat. It is an established fact that the Government places outside the law the working masses of town and country who support the Communist Party, calculating that in this manner it will be able to keep power in its hand. For it is only too well aware that it has not come into power at the wish and with the confidence of the masses of the working people, but has seized power solely by means of a *Putsch*.

Thus the first step taken by this new government of "law," "order," and "liberty" was to introduce the prohibitive press censorship in the face of the express terms of the constitution of the state, to abolish the right of holding meetings, to throw workers and poor peasants arbitrarily into prison, to torture them there with all the instruments of the inquisition, to murder them with the aid of all the unconstitutional exceptional laws created by Stambuliisky's government for the destruction of the Communist Party. One of these laws is the so-called Robbery law, which permits any man declared a robber to be outlawed, when anyone may kill him and go unpunished. The legal proceedings against anyone accused of "robbery" do not differ in any way from those of the most brutal military "justice."

In Tirnovo over one hundred Communists, workers, and peasants were arrested, and are imprisoned on remand on indictments of insurrection and robbery. In order to extort statements desired by the authorities, the prisoners are bestially ill treated and tortured. At the same time a large number of the leading active party comrades were arrested without any reason, mercilessly beaten in the barracks by the enraged soldiery, and then released at night, so that nobody might see the frightful condition in which they left the barrack yard.

In the village of Kilifarevo about 150 Communist workers and peasants were arrested and shared the same fate.

In the industrial town of Gabrovo over 100 Communist workers were also arrested and ill treated; thirty-six of these have been taken to the town of Sevlievo, in order to be sentenced there for alleged insurrection and robbery.

The Communist Workers' Homes, as well as the stores owned by the workers' cooperative society of Osvobojdenje in that town and other places, have been closed by the police and then looted by the mob under police protection.

On the day of the putsch five Communist leaders were murdered; among these were two local party leaders: Trifon Saralieff, former parliamentary deputy, and Banaiot Zwikeff.

In the town of Garlovo 126 Communist workers and peasants were arrested, and are also still imprisoned on remand for "robbery and insurrection." The imprisoned comrades are incarcerated in rooms absolutely murderous to the health, and they are not permitted to go out during the day for a breath of fresh air. They are cruelly ill treated, and many of them, as for instance Comrade P. Dvorianoff, a former member of Parliament, have been exposed to open insult, being harnessed like beasts of burden to carts and driven through the town.

Sixty-two Communists were arrested in the town of Kazanlik, and have been taken to Stara Zagora. Over 100 poor peasants were arrested in Orchanje, in the village of Moldava twenty-three, and in many other small places all over the country comrades have been arrested, and all share the same unhappy fate.

But it is in Plevna that the white terror holds most brutal sway. There even the most criminal sadism is surpassed. In the town alone as many as 400 Communist working men and women, many of them young comrades, were arrested. In order to extort from them admissions desired by the court of inquiry, they have been subjected for weeks to the most inhuman torture. One of them, Comrade Assen Halatscheff, was done to death by these means. In order to conceal this murder, a clumsy report was officially issued to the effect that the Communists had abducted Halatscheff from the prison during the night, and that he had vanished without leaving a trace! Many of the comrades arrested at Plevna have been so frightfully ill treated that they will be cripples for the rest of their lives, and will never recover their health.

Among the arrested was M. W. Schelpugin, a collaborator in the Red Cross mission in Bulgaria. One morning his dead body was found in a vineyard outside the town, covered with more than twenty wounds.

On July 23, the first trial of the accused took place. Ninety-five Communists had to answer the indictment of "robbery" and "insurrection." The accusation of robbery is entirely without foundation, and was obviously made for the sole purpose of enabling the accused to be condemned under Stambuliisky's exceptional laws. The public prosecutor demanded capital punishment for five of the accused and many years' imprisonment for the others. The comrade murdered in so dastardly a manner by the authorities, Assen Halatscheff, has also been included among the accused, and is to be sentenced for "escaping."

The depth of the class hate and class vengeance of the bourgeoisie may be judged from the fact that the barristers' council at Plevna—including the social democrats—passed a resolution denying the accused legal defense during their trial, and not permitting such defense in any circumstances whatever. Supported by the authorities and the reaction, they demanded that this decision be carried out at all costs, and be made valid for the whole country. An organization was formed by which counsel defending the accused were to be prevented from fulfilling their duty; this organization was joined by the prefect of the Plevna district, Colonel Narezoff, by the public prosecutor Popoff, who participated, revolver in hand, in the coup of June 9, by the social-democratic lawyer, G. Markoff, and by others.

On July 21, a part of the counsel for the defense of the accused consisting of eight Communist lawyers, succeeded in reaching Plevna. They were, however, at once confronted by a delegation of the Plevna barristers' council, headed by the social democrat, G. Markoff, who declared that they must renounce all idea of defending the accused, and threatened to employ force in the event of their insisting. The defending counsel indignantly refused to listen to this impudent piece of presumption on the part of this revengeful band of lawyers. But the attempt to influence them enabled them to inform the president of the court and the public prosecutor in Plevna of this unheard-of impudence, and to protest against it. They demanded the protection of their liberty and of their right to fulfil their legal obligations at the trial. The public prosecutor took no steps in this direction, but the president of the court promised to permit them to plead "freely" at the trial.

But immediately after this, while counsel for the defense were consulting together upon the trial, a police captain forced his way into their room revolver in hand, and, with the aid of a troop of police, arrested them, and took them on foot to the station, whence they were sent under a powerful police escort to Mezdra. Here they were kept shut up in a shed for a day and a night, and then taken to Sofia by a strong escort, to be delivered over to the security police. The arrested counsel for the defense, carrying their own trunks and surrounded by armed policemen, were conducted on foot through the busiest streets of Sofia.

This unexampled scandal called forth great indignation, even among many of the adherents of the Government. The Government found itself obliged to release the lawyers; apologies were even offered for what had taken place, and they were promised

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that their return to Plevna would be facilitated, as well as the exercise of their right to participate in the trial as counsel for the defense.

The trial at Plevna began on July 23, the whole of the defending counsel being absent. For not only had the eight lawyers in Plevna been arrested, but several other Communist barristers on their way to Plevna had been stopped, locked up, and sent back. Under these circumstances the accused made an oral request, and their counsel a telegraphic one, on July 23, that the trial be postponed until it was possible for counsel for the defense to be present. The court declined to accede to this, and continued proceedings in the absence of the defense! It was not until two days later that counsel for the defense, after being released, were able to return to Plevna and undertake the defense of the accused.

About 400 witnesses have been called up for this trial, 150 of these being subpoenaed by the public prosecutor. The proceedings are likely to last several weeks. This is the first trial in connection with the putsch of June 9; several others will follow.

It is clear to the whole world that in Plevna the proceedings of the court are completely dominated by the class justice of an enraged bourgeoisie, which is preparing the brutal murder of a number of Communists, and severe terms of imprisonment for many other brave men. The verdict of the Plevna court will serve as a precedent for the verdicts to follow in many other towns of Bulgaria against the victims of June 9.

The working class and the working peasants of the whole world must raise a mighty protest, and prevent raging Fascist justice from giving barbarous sentences of murder and imprisonment to the accused workers and peasants in Plevna and all over Bulgaria, and from executing such barbarous sentences. Powerful expressions of protest and indignation must be directed, from all civilized countries in the world, against the executioners of the accused workers and peasants, in order that these executioners and those inspiring them may be forced to desist from their premeditated crime, and restore their innocent victims to liberty.

For the Central Committee of the C. P. of Bulgaria,
Secretary: B. LENKOFF

Sofia, July 30, 1923

Germany's Capital

IN another column of this issue we publish a review by the noted German economist and statistician, Dr. Kuczynski, of the book on "Germany's Capacity to Pay" by H. G. Moulton and C. E. McGuire. In this connection it is interesting to study Dr. Kuczynski's own proposals for a reform of German finance as outlined in the *Manchester Guardian* of July 14.

Dr. Stresemann's advocacy of a "seizure of real values" in Germany—that is, in fact, a capital levy—for the purpose of paying reparations shows how German opinion even on the right is at last coming round to the solution proposed more than a year ago by the eminent German statistician and economist Dr. R. Kuczynski. At a meeting held in Paris last year Dr. Kuczynski suggested that he should meet some French economists to formulate proposals in common on these lines. The suggestion was adopted and the conference took place in Paris last November, the Frenchmen present being the well-known economists Professors Charles Gide, Gèze, and Roger Picard, MM. Léon Blum and Renaudel, of the French Socialist party, and MM. Ferdinand Buisson and Gernut, representing the Ligue des Droits de l'Homme. Unanimous agreement was arrived at on a scheme for the payment of reparations by a capital levy on German real and personal property, initiated by Dr. Kuczynski.

Details of the scheme were given by Dr. Kuczynski in his *Finanzpolitische Korrespondenz* of December 12, but it then passed almost unnoticed, and even the Socialist Party did not take it up or seriously discuss it. Now that the necessity of a capital levy is beginning to be generally recognized, it would seem opportune to call attention to a scheme which, in addition to its intrinsic merits, has the advantage of having been accepted by three of the leading French economists and by representatives of the French political parties of the left.

Its main lines are as follows. The German Government would with the smallest possible delay impose a capital levy to the extent of one-half of all German private fortunes. The levy would be made on all bank-notes, whether issued by the Reichsbank or by the banks of the federated states, government stock, and exchequer bills, by exchanging them for new issues of half their value. The stock of loans issued by the federated states, municipalities, and private enterprises in the interior of Germany would be stamped to the extent of half their value, which would thus be appropriated by the Reich. For every existing share in a company a new share would be issued in favor of the Reich. Half of all deposits in savings banks and other banks would be expropriated, as would half of all mortgages and rent charges. A new rent charge in favor of the Reich would be levied on all real property to the half of its value. Half the proceeds of the levy would be retained by the German Government for the stabilization of the mark and for putting the national finances on a sound basis. The other half would be handed over to the Allies. Since, however, it was considered by those present at the conference in November that German paper money and government stock would be of little value to the Allies, they suggested that reparations in kind should be substituted for these categories of the levy.

Dr. Kuczynski has explained why it is not proposed to graduate the levy. The first and most important reason is that the system of taking half of every fortune, however small, would greatly facilitate collection, make it possible to realize the levy very rapidly, and not give time for people to transfer capital to other countries. For the levy would thus be impersonal; it would be imposed, not on individuals, but on the various categories of property, and no individual declarations or similar formalities would be necessary. Dr. Kuczynski's opinion is that small fortunes in Germany are now of such trivial value that it makes very little difference in practice to their owners whether the state takes half or less. For instance, a fortune of a million marks (£50,000) was not a small fortune before the war, but now nobody could possibly live on the interest of it, or even on an income of a million marks a year.* . . . Most of the former owners of small fortunes have spent their capital long ago and are now earning their living or existing on charity. Moreover, the persons subjected to the capital levy will ultimately lose nothing, but are rather likely to gain, for when the reparations question is settled, the mark is stabilized, and normal conditions are restored the half of their property that is left to them will be worth much more than the whole is worth at present.

Foreigners owning property in Germany . . . would of course be subjected to the levy, since their exclusion would cause tiresome complications. The conference held in Paris in November reluctantly came to the conclusion that there is no practical means of making the levy on property owned by Germans abroad. It is impossible, for example, to compel foreign banks to disclose the amount of the deposits of their German customers.

The sum that could be immediately realized by the levy would not be very large—certainly not large enough to satisfy even a minimum claim for reparations—for the gold value of German property has been enormously diminished. A recent inquiry made by Dr. Kuczynski into the present gold value of the shares in the German limited liability companies has led to the conclusion that it is on an average about one-tenth of their pre-war value. The value of house property has been still more diminished in consequence of the rent restriction law, which

* A million marks is now worth about 6 cents.

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has reduced the gold value of rents to less than 1 per cent of the pre-war rates. . . . Agricultural land and houses not let to tenants are, however, more valuable than tenanted house property, and the value of house property in general has not been diminished so much as the rents, because everybody recognizes that it will eventually recover its value, and house property is being bought up by speculators at rates that make it immediately unproductive. Mr. Stinnes, for instance, has acquired a large amount of house property in Berlin, which at present yields no return worth speaking of.

As a future asset, however, this charge of 25 per cent on German property would be of great value, and it would be an ample guaranty for an international loan, which would give the Allies immediate cash. Meanwhile they could hold the various shares and securities until the stabilization of the mark and the return of normal conditions had restored them to their pre-war value, as would inevitably happen. The value of real property, in particular, which is artificially kept down, would rapidly recover when the stabilization of the mark had made the repeal of the rent-restriction law possible. As for the mines, they are still worth as much as before the war, and the fourth share in them would be an immediately valuable asset.

The great advantages of this scheme are in the first place that it would ultimately cost the German people nothing, since they, like the Allies, would benefit by the increased value of property that would result from it, and in the second place that it would give the Allies an interest in German prosperity. As Professor Roger Picard has said, it would produce, instead of the present conflict of interests between Germany and the Allies, "an economic and financial solidarity between them which would be the strongest guaranty of good understanding and peace."

Contributors to This Issue

HELEN R. MARTIN is the author of "Tillie, a Mennonite Maid" and other novels and stories of the Pennsylvania Dutch.

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ERNEST WOOSTER, since joining the Llano Cooperative Colony in 1916, has served in various capacities—as cook, editor of publications, acting manager, ranch manager, and general correspondent. He has also held the offices of treasurer, vice-president, and assistant secretary of the colony.

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD is professor of history at the University of Minnesota and a contributor to numerous historical publications. His interest lies chiefly in the record of the early exploration and settlement of what is now the Middle West.

PADRAIC COLUM is a poet and dramatist who came to this country from Ireland in 1914. Since that time he has published poems, plays, and charming tales for children, and has lectured on poetry and Irish literature. His latest book is a novel, "Castle Conquer."

R. R. KUCZYNSKI is a noted German economist who has been lecturing at the University of Chicago during the past summer.

ERNEST BOYD is a well-known translator and critic of contemporary European literature. His "Irish Literary Renaissance" was reissued in 1922.

TEMPLE SCOTT is the author of "Silver Age and Other Dramatic Memories," and a regular reviewer for *The Nation*.

BASIL THOMPSON wrote the article on Louisiana in the series These United States.

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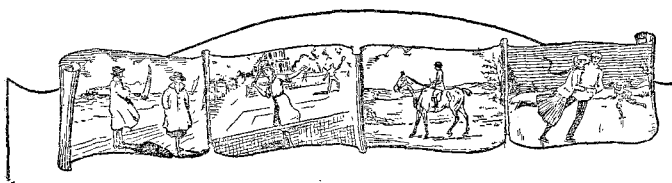

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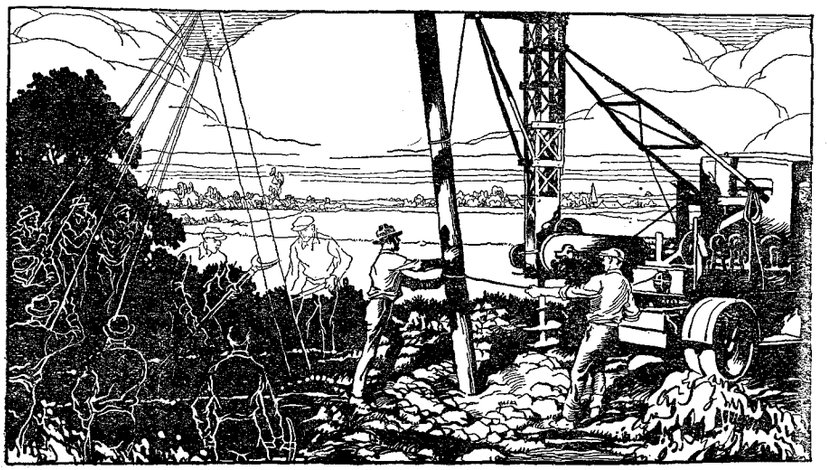

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FALL BOOK SECTION

Two Sections

The Nation

Section II

Vol. CXVII, No. 3040

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1923

Distinguished Books

from the SELTZER *Fall list*

Mastro-don Gesualdo

By Giovanni Verga

Translated by *D. H. Lawrence*

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Fall Book Section

Poems *by* D. H. Lawrence

Bare Almond Trees

Wet almond trees, in the rain
Like iron sticking grimly out of earth;
Black almond trunks, in the rain
Like iron implements twisted, hideous, out of the earth,
Out of the deep, soft fledge of Sicilian winter-green
Earth-grass uneatable,
Almond trunks curving blackly, iron-dark, climbing the slopes.

Almond tree, beneath the terrace rail,
Black, rusted, iron trunk
You have welded your thin stems finer,
Like steel, like sensitive steel in the air;
Gray, lavender, sensitive steel, curving thinly and brittly up in a parabola.

What are you doing in the December rain?
Have you a strange electric sensitiveness in your steel tips?
Do you feel the air for electric influences
Like some strange magnetic apparatus?

Do you take in messages, in some strange code,
From heaven's wolfish, wandering electricity, that prowls so constantly round Etna?
Do you take the whisper of sulphur from the air?
Do you hear the chemical accents of the sun?
Do you telephone the roar of the waters-over-the-earth?
And from all this, do you make calculations?

Sicily, December's Sicily in a mass of rain
With iron branching blackly, rusted like old, twisted implements
And brandishing and stooping over earth's wintry fledge, climbing the slopes
Of uneatable soft green!

Tropic

Sun, dark sun
Sun of black void heat
Sun of the torrid mid-day's horrific darkness

Behold my hair twisting and going black.
Behold my eyes turn tawny yellow
Negroid;
See the milk of northern spume
Coagulating and going black in my veins
Aromatic as frankincense.

Columns dark and soft
Sunblack men
Soft shafts, sunbreathing mouths
Eyes of yellow, golden sand
As frictional as perilous, explosive brimstone.

Rock, waves of dark heat;
Waves of dark heat, rock, sway upwards
Waver perpendicular.
What is the horizontal rolling of water
Compared to the flood of black heat that rolls upward past my eyes?

Humming-Bird

I can imagine, in some other world
Primeval-dumb, far back
In that most awful stillness, that only gasped and hummed,
Humming-birds raced down the avenues.

Before anything had a soul,
While life was a heave of Matter, half inanimate,
This little bit chipped off in brilliance
And went whizzing through the slow, vast, succulent stems.

I believe there were no flowers, then,
In the world where the humming-bird flashed ahead of creation.
I believe he pierced the slow vegetable veins with his long beak.

Probably he was big
As mosses, and little lizards, they say were once big.
Probably he was a jabbing, terrifying monster.

We look at him through the wrong end of the long telescope of Time,
Luckily for us.

Peace

Peace is written on the doorstep
In lava.

Peace, black peace congealed.
My heart will know no peace
Till the hill bursts.

Brilliant, intolerable lava
Brilliant as a powerful burning-glass
Walking like a royal snake down the mountain towards the sea.

Forests, cities, bridges
Gone again in the bright trail of lava.
Naxos thousands of feet below the olive-roots,
And now the olive leaves thousands of feet below the lava fire.

Peace congealed in black lava on the doorstep.
Within, white-hot lava, never at peace
Till it burst forth blinding, withering the earth;
To set again into rock
Gray-black rock.

Call it Peace?

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Francis Parkman

By CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD

SOME twenty years ago Arthur G. Doughty, the new archivist of the Dominion of Canada, and I, the new entrant into the field of Western history, were talking of the doleful condition of history studies in our respective territories. Doughty declared that no real study of Canadian history had been done since Parkman's death, and that the new works appearing were only a rehash of his books. Dejectedly and dishearteningly I admitted that the same was true in the schools of the great American West.

Of course both knew of exceptions to our generalization, but on the whole the study of the history of the vast area watered by the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi was, and had been, apparently in a parlous condition. The genius of one man had raised the shadow of forgetfulness from the past and then darkness seemed to have settled over the subject forever. The general opinion was that further study would yield only diminishing returns. John Fiske voiced the opinion of historians in declaring that Parkman had performed a work which would never need to be done over. So firmly established had the tradition of Parkman's perfections become, that in writing a eulogy in honor of his centenary, thirty years after his death, I find it difficult to emancipate my own mind from the stereotyped opinion and view objectively this man of genius. Time has, however, passed, and it is now possible to obtain a truer perspective than had his contemporaries.

Francis Parkman, by the dates of his birth and death, 1823-1893, belongs in what is known as the "Middle Group of American historians," which occupied the stage from after the War of 1812 to about 1884 when the new critical spirit in historical studies, largely a product of the German seminars and nurtured by our graduate schools, seized the leadership in the field of historical research. In the year 1884 this new spirit, gathering up what was worth preserving of the older school, expressed itself through the formation of the American Historical Association, soon to be controlled by the professional historians of our universities. Professor John Bassett, who has written learnedly and interestingly of the middle group, prefers to assign Parkman to this new school, because, "while he wrote with that fine appreciation of style which was characteristic of Bancroft and the literary historians, his industry, his research among documents, and especially his detachment seem to place him among the men of today."

This opinion of Professor Bassett is a weighty one and should not be lightly disregarded, yet with some mental reservations it seems better to place Parkman squarely within the period wherein he passed his life and explain any superiority over his contemporaries he may have possessed as emanations from his genius and not as anticipations of a period to which he did not belong and within which he would have found himself very uncomfortable.

In the year that Parkman died, 1893, there was published in the Report of the American Historical Association an article by Frederick J. Turner on the Significance of the Frontier in American History. That article was the trumpet call of the new recruits to the army of American historians. A new era had begun. Turner was the chosen prophet to announce its advent. The full force of the new movement required many years to unfold; not even yet has the power of it reached its apogee.

To locate the metes and bounds of the field plowed and planted by Parkman, it is necessary to survey the tracks cleared by these later comers. They are pugnacious of their rights, these Westerners, and are not ready to admit any claim that Parkman, in spite of the Western character of his subject, discovered their particular territory. That territory is the Western interpretation of American history. So overpowering has been the influence of the westward push of population, they claim, that it should form the central theme of our national history. Events such as the French and Indian War, the American Revolution, the War between the States are but mere episodes in the history of the conquest of a continent by men of English speech.

In this new viewpoint the economic forces underlying the historical events are stressed as they never were by members of the Middle Group of historians. At times the Westerners are almost economic determinists.

A third line of development in historical studies is a product of the new viewpoint. The wider interpretation of history has given importance to many classes of source material. Furthermore a public interest in the collecting and preservation of historical documents has been awakened. Instead of placing the onus of the work upon private individuals, public institutions in the United States and Canada, supported by State appropriations, have undertaken comprehensive searching for historical material.

Viewed under the light of modern research with its greater understanding of the fundamental forces of society, its wider field of interpretation, and its more comprehensive search for information Parkman's histories seem very sketchy, his understanding of past events very superficial. Before him as he worked lay hundreds of problems which he never even saw and other hundreds of which he touched only the fringes. A few years ago my own investigations forced me to read all his volumes in rapid succession, on an average one every two days. It was, I acknowledge, a severe test and therefore my immediate reaction was not trustworthy. Still I give it for what it is worth. After the test was completed, my thought was: "This is not history, this is romance, pageantry, story writing."

What was it in Parkman's writing which produced this result? First of all the events which interested him no longer play so important a part in the historical viewpoint of the present day. After reading Monro's "Seignorial System in Canada," it is difficult to understand the contemporary enthusiasm over Parkman's "Ancient Regime." It is really surprising how relatively few pages of the volume are devoted to an analysis of Canadian society under the French. Or, consider how few of the subjects discussed in Beer's "British Colonial Policy, 1754-1765," are to be found even mentioned in Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe." Parkman devotes many pages to Sir William Johnson as general and leader of the Indians in war, but only a line in two places to remind the reader that this same Johnson held the more important newly created imperial office of superintendent of Indians in the northern department. Parkman quotes two letters from Governor

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Dinwiddie of Virginia to his friend the financier Hanbury of London, but fails to picture in high light the land speculations of these two worthies and their associates which were the immediate occasion of the French and Indian War. George Washington in his first romantic mission to the West to protest against the French occupation of the Upper Ohio Valley is not so much the representative of imperial Britain as the voice of the land speculators of the Old Dominion. Parkman's detailed description of that journey does not leave such an impression on the mind of the reader.

The enthusiastic study of Western American history of late years has revealed many gaps in the narrative of the discovery and occupation of the Mississippi Valley as related by Parkman; yet the discovery of new documents and the more careful examination of known ones do not explain satisfactorily the spotted thinness of his story. This must be attributed in part to his New Englandism, a disease not easily cured even by absence for many years, even generations, from the charmed territory. To Parkman as to the many other New England historians the happenings in their home land, so well known, so carefully studied, loom large on their horizon hiding a view of more distant scenes. The massacre of Deerfield becomes for Parkman an event of such stupendous importance that all the gory details even to the tomahawking and scalping of Tom, Dick, and Harry, and the daily sufferings of Susan on her forced excursion to Canada must be narrated at the expense of curtailing the story of more important but distant events.

The truth of the matter is that Parkman knew intimately only two short periods of Western history, that of the explorations and business enterprise of La Salle and that of the Conspiracy of Pontiac, the Alpha and Omega of his whole work. Of what falls between these his knowledge was not intensive or comprehensive. Of Louisiana he knew relatively little outside of its romantic beginnings; he never understood the importance, and his successors have also missed it, to the southern English colonies that their traders had cemented friendly relations with the Indians of the Old Southwest before the French, thus preventing a control by the latter in this region.

There is one further limitation to Parkman's historical interpretation which should be mentioned. He did his research in the generation which created the religion of Anglo-Saxonism, whose high priest, Edward A. Freeman, traced the apostolic succession of the Anglo-Saxon institutions from their German origin—God save the mark! for the doctrine was a Hun atrocity and was "made in Germany"—down through the ages of English history. It was these same Teutonic institutions that were brought to America and laid the foundations of glorious freedom. Compared with the states founded upon this solid rock of the Anglo-Saxon faith, all other states are like unto Sodom and Gomorrah.

This Anglo-Saxon superiority complex forms the warp and woof of Parkman's thought, and also that of his readers of that time, whose hearts beat responsively to these words of Parkman's announcement of his purpose to write a series of histories devoted to "the attempt of Feudalism, Monarchy, and Rome to master a continent, where at this hour (1865) half a million bayonets are vindicating the ascendancy of a regulated freedom." Many modern American historians may still cling to the belief thus voiced by Parkman fifty years ago, but no one of them would dare be so candidly chauvinistic. Parkman has been universally praised by Protestants, frequently but not universally by Catholics, for his impartial treatment of an alien race with an alien religion; and I think from the religious viewpoint the praise is merited. Being a consistent and conscientious agnostic he strove to be impartial in his attitude toward both Catholic and Puritan; but from the beginning to the end of his career as an historian he clung to his faith in the Anglo-Saxon cult, and thus impaired his own achievement.

But enough of this negative discussion. In celebration of his centenary we want to know what Francis Parkman did accomplish which called from Henry Adams, a much more profound historian than I, the following encomium: "Your book ("Montcalm and Wolfe") is a model of thorough and impartial study and clear statement. Of its style and narrative the highest praise is that they are on a level with its thoroughness of study. Taken as a whole, your works are now dignified by proportions and completeness which can be hardly paralleled by the literary baggage of any older historical writer in the language known to me today."

The development of the American school of history which is called the "Middle Group" would appear inexplicable in consideration of the barrenness of research in kindred fields, were it not that a similar phenomenon was taking place in Europe. It was the natural consequence there as here of the literary and artistic movement known as Romanticism. The same idealistic view of the past which produced Scott's novels inspired Cooper in America. The same forces underlying the work of Von Ranke, Thierry, and Freeman moved the literary and scientific circles in America and drove to their labors Bancroft, Irving, Prescott, Ticknor and was still effective in the lives of their younger friends, Motley and Parkman.

The romantic school, whether German, English, or American, visualized its subject as did the contemporary sculptors or painters; it must be grand in character, a particular event of stupendous import in the history of humanity, wherein were displayed all the complex forces of human nature working themselves out to a dramatic denouement. Thus the inherent artistic possibilities of the subject to be chosen were a matter of deep consideration. Prescott in his conquests of Mexico and Peru, Motley in the struggle of the Dutch against the tyranny of Spain had made happy choices. All the elements of historical drama suited to literary treatment lay in their subjects.

The genius of Parkman consisted in perceiving when still in college that the same qualities existed in the struggle between England and France for the North American continent. And the still greater genius of perseverance was exhibited in continuing his work under the severest handicaps of ill health until it was completed in his sixty-ninth year.

Never has subject been so well fitted to the genius of an historian. Parkman was one of those happy artists chosen by Nature to perform a particular piece of work. He does it as naturally as his garden produced its roses, as a bird sings, or a Raphael paints a Madonna. This naturalness, this production without evidence of effort, is one of the signs of a supreme artist and Parkman was certainly that. He may be happily compared to the ideal Greek who looked out upon his environment, uncontaminated by the thought or products of older artists or philosophers, and joyfully

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attacked with the freshness of youth the knotty problems of life. The freshness of youth remained with Parkman until the end and gives to all his books charm.

In boyhood he loved the woods and field; to him the Middlesex Fells contained mystery and charm, and the love of nature therein awakened never ceased to be a strong impulse. While he was at Harvard the great outdoors still exercised its attraction over him, and when in his sophomore year the idea of writing a history of the French and Indian War occurred to him, he directed this love of nature in directions to serve his life's work. Following the old trails of New England became his vacation sport. In 1846, when twenty-three years old, he went West to study life on the frontier and in Indian camps along the Oregon and Santa Fe trail. His five months' experience in the Far West he embodied in his first book, "The Oregon Trail," which appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1847 and two years later in book form.

At this time began the tragedy of his life. His health broke down and never again was he to enjoy a day free from pain. At times he could not use his eyes, at times he could not even use his mind for study. He started the composition of his first history, "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," when five minutes was the maximum of concentration. Under such conditions composition proceeded at the rate of five or six lines a day. Most of his study throughout life was done with the eyes of others; the endless search for documentary material, for which he is so deservedly noted, was frequently carried out by others. All his later books were dictated.

Cut off at an early age from active life Parkman lived in the memories of his youth, and I believe this fact explains the freshness, the youthful exuberance of even the latest work. His ill health made it possible for him to concentrate his mind upon his great subject. He could not afford, nor did he afford, time for diversified reading.

"The Conspiracy of Pontiac" appeared in 1851, and then ill health forbade historical composition for half a generation during which time Parkman found a vent for his ceaseless energy in raising roses and lilies. The Lilium Parkmanni is a monument to the earnestness with which he followed his new calling. His "Book of Roses," which appeared in 1866, is still worthy to be read by the lover of flowers.

From 1865 began the steady flow from the press of those histories which remain even today the greatest achievement of any American historian. First came "The Pioneers of France," then "The Jesuits in America," followed by the other volumes at a rapid rate until his task was completed in 1892. The story of the French occupation of Canada and the Mississippi Valley, the conception of which took place in his college days, was completed after fifty years.

What a picture they present! How they grip the imagination! You may acknowledge, as you must, that there is too much of the fife and the drum, of the tomahawk and the scalping knife, too little of other human activities; you may concede that there is no organic connection between the beautiful scenes he depicts and the participants in the battle: concede all this and still the artistry of it remains; his books have all the force of a Grecian drama. The story is told, and the means he employs are fitted to the end he has in view. It is great literature and within its limits it is great history.

The Promise of Irish Letters

By PADRAIC COLUM

THE great discovery for the last generation of Irish writers was drama; the great discovery for the generation previous was the personal lyric. It seems to me that the discovery for the present generation is the novel and the short story, and that the Irish writers will begin to reveal Ireland in the narrative.

It has been said that a tradition passes with the acceptance of the Free State—the tradition of Kathleen ni Houlihan—and that until another tradition arises there will be a silence in Ireland. This I do not believe. The prestige of the literary movement recruited a great number of young men to literature. For the one who wanted to come to Dublin and write twenty years ago there are three now. They have learned the technique of play-writing, verse-writing, story-writing. They will not go into silence because a Free State has been set up. They will go on writing. And I venture to think that when their writings come to be examined it will be found that they have been perpetuating another Irish tradition, even though the tradition of Kathleen ni Houlihan has lapsed.

I think they will express themselves mainly in the novel and the short story. Novel and short story will come to them as fresh forms, as the drama came to the writers of the previous generation, as the personal lyric came to the writers of the generation before. The reason why the novel in the form it is assuming is new in Ireland can be explained only by a reference to Irish literary history.

The Irish novel had its start in the inauspicious year 1800—the year of the Union. It had its start with the publication of Maria Edgeworth's "Castle Rackrent." In this masterpiece, in which genius of all sorts is shown, a fine start was made. Had Maria Edgeworth herself, had the Irish writers who followed her, been free to exploit this form, Irish literary history, as regards the novel, would not be—as it is—a record of unsuccess.

Walter Scott came along. He wanted, as he declared in the general introduction to the Waverley Novels, to do for another country what Maria Edgeworth had done for Ireland. But he did for the Irish novelists what the elephant in the Indian story did for the nest of partridge that he had come upon. "Poor little motherless things," said he, "I will mother you." And the elephant lay down upon them. Walter Scott created the novel for Europe. It was a novel removed from the raciness and the compactness of "Castle Rackrent"—it was a novel of description, exposition, extended form. The Irish writers immediately came under its influence. They too, going against the racial genius that is for compactness and brilliancy, wrote extended novels full of description and exposition. They had to fall in with the Scott method to get published at all. Carleton did this after the publication of his most original and his only abiding work, the "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," written under the influence of "Gil Blas"; the Banims and Gerald Griffin used Walter Scott's form, too, but in the case of the Banims there was a French influence—the young Victor Hugo, the Balzac of the fantasies, and perhaps Eugene Sue—these influences are shown in the memorable trains of beggars and wanderers that are in the Banim books. And so "Castle Rackrent," which might have stood in Irish literary history as

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"Dead Souls" stands in Russian literary history, missed having an influence. It was discovered abroad by Turgenev. He once said in an interview that his "Sportsman's Sketches" were written with Maria Edgeworth's Irish stories in mind.

I suppose I should include George Moore's Irish novels like "A Drama in Muslin" and the Irish stories in "The Untilled Field" as among the influences on the Irish novel and the Irish short story in the form it is now assuming. I cannot bring myself to do so: I find in these novels and stories, fine as they are, a curiously alien mind. They were written in a tradition that was passing, and I do not think they had an influence on the Irish who were preparing themselves for the business of writing.

The first Irish novel, as I think, whose form is in harmony with the racial genius is James Stephens's "Mary Mary." With something that seems like the spontaneous invention of the folk-tale James Stephens wrote the first story of Dublin life; then there came "The Crock of Gold," in which he wove together a fresh humor and a fresh poetry, making a story as extravagant as the heart of any story-teller might desire. Then came James Joyce with "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man"—a book that is the equivalent of one of Synge's dramas, with the stories in "Dubliners" that are equivalent to Synge's short plays, and now with "Ulysses" that is no less than a portent. In the meantime James Stephens publishes a book that has a misnomer for title—"Irish Fairy Tales"—in which, in an astonishing way, he recovers the tradition of tenth-century Irish story-telling.

Other writers have arisen who use a form that is in harmony with the racial genius—Brinsley MacNamara, Seumas O'Kelly, Daniel Corkery. Brinsley MacNamara has blown sky-high the tradition of the lovable Irish peasant; he shows you the men and women of the fields and villages in all the harshness and craftiness of men and women who have to wring a living from the soil. Seumas O'Kelly, whose early death is to be deplored, also discovered a distinctive form, and in his books "The Golden Barque" and "Hillsiders" he gives us types opposite to those of Brinsley MacNamara—the quaint lovableness of isolated old men, the quaint charm of forgotten places. His description of Cloon-na-morav in "The Weaver's Grave" and of the two old men who go grave-searching is among the very best pieces of Irish writing. Daniel Corkery, too, has a distinctive form. In his work there is a tendency toward over-writing—not the extravagant heaping-up that there is in James Stephens's work, but deliberate effects. He has written the novel of Irish Catholic mysticism in "The Threshold of Quiet," he has written a book of fine short stories in "A Munster Twilight," and he has written the stories of the war of independence in "The Hounds of Banba."

It seems to me that there will be a new movement in Irish literature—a beginning all over again. The founders are still with us, Yeats and "Æ" and Douglas Hyde. But I think the new writers—novelists, as I hold, most of them will be—will produce work on another plane from theirs.

The Free State will affect literature, most directly, through the protection it will give to Gaelic. A great deal of writing will be done in Gaelic from this time forward. Gaelic has really come back, and the Free State will insure that it stays and spreads through instruction in the schools and through many sorts of state patronage. An Irish government will now take up what societies like the Irish Texts Society have been doing—the publication of poetry, history, and romance from unedited manuscripts. Perhaps we will soon have the anthology of Gaelic poetry that Padraic Pearse projected and in part completed. Such a publication would be a real literary event, and it would have an effect both on the Gaelic and the Anglo-Irish poetry that is being written.

But will there be a modern literature in Gaelic? I am sure there will be. The other day I read in a New York newspaper that the new journal that supports the republican idea in Ireland appears with a watchword in Gaelic. It gave the translation "Rouse up your courage, O Ireland." The watchword came back to me in Gaelic, and I wondered what spell there is in the language that makes the words so different from any literal translation—"Muscail do mhisneach, A Bhanba!" He who cannot hear Geoffrey Keating's line, if he is an Irishman, has missed a great part in the Irish heritage. And so much of the heritage is contained in the very syllables of Gaelic ("Celtic syllables like the rattling of war chariots" as Flaubert noted in "Salammbô") that free Ireland cannot but love and labor in that language.

We may expect the publication of a deal of work in Gaelic. Perhaps among a great deal that will be turgid and naive there will be a little sheaf of verse like Padraic Pearse's "Suantraidhe agus Goltraidhe." We may even have at this moment a notable writer in Gaelic. However, I think that the writer who will produce great work in Gaelic will have to remake the language; he will have to fuse the Munster and the Connacht idioms; he will have to accept and use boldly the "Beurlachas"—the Englishisms—that have come in; he will have to draw from Middle Irish and perhaps from Scots Gaelic. Such a writer might be able to give us what has never been given to us in Anglo-Irish literature—the strange and tragical Irish landscape, the spiritual history of the man whom an unknown sculptor once revealed as The Dying Gaul or The Dying Gael. Only in the book the man with the face on which hard winds have blown, with the eyes that have followed the herds while his hand held the sword—this man, whether in ancient or in modern surroundings, will be shown standing upright.

Poetaster

By BASIL THOMPSON

Born out of time he blundered down the years,
  A laugher in a world of solemn folk
  He thought it all some monstrous bitter joke
And scorned a fool's abandonment to tears.
The chorus of the singing of the spheres,
  The rhythms that the deities evoke
  From winds and waters, mountains, moons, and smoke
Sang in his heart and rang, rang in his ears.

He gathered up these nothings they put by
  And fashioned them to somethings of his own,
His symbols were the symbols of the sky,
  His cadences the fugues the waves intone.
He plumbed the riddle of eternity
  And braved an old impertinence alone.

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Books

Short for Buncombe

Bunk. By W. E. Woodward. Harper and Brothers. $2.

BUNCOMBE was the seed from which bunk has grown. Once it may have been a mere gesture of the politician, talking for his constituents in language which would appeal to them whether it meant anything much or not. Now, however, bunk has gone beyond that. It includes the nonsense that mothers tell their children because it is easier to tell than the truth; it includes the windy periods in prayer, the bland pretences of secretaries of state, the hoary platitudes of moralists and educators, the customary assumptions of all the learned trades; it includes, particularly, the claims of advertisers and publicity men and the ideas which they pour into the long ears open to them. What rumor was to the ancients, bunk is to the modern world. It runs like fire among the people, waving the torch of propaganda. When it has ceased to be active, it settles down to a powerful inertia, to the faith that keeps mountains from moving.

Sooner or later, bunk was bound to have its special satirist, and it now has him in the person of W. E. Woodward. His training has been the happiest possible. Immune from birth to the infection of bunk, he has moved habitually among its disciples. He is a business man who can promote a company or charm a Rotary Club. He turns to authorship only after he has got out of an industrial society what he wanted from it: the financial sinews to sustain him while he laughs in public, as he has always laughed in private. "Bunk," his first book, initiates a career which it will be well to watch. There is now a new novelist for intelligent persons to keep up with.

Mr. Woodward is by no means a solemn fellow who has reformed and is smugly advising others to be careful. He is almost as high-spirited as, say, Sinclair Lewis, with a merrier fancy. When he decided to write a novel, he says, he first invented his principal character, Michael Webb, and then turned him loose to gather experience. Michael, after drifting round the globe, becomes a de-bunking expert, a pricker of bubbles, a devastating intellect among contented morons. He writes "The Importance of Being Second-Rate," a philosophical treatise which leads to the organization of Second-Rate clubs all over the country, sees Timothy Bray, who has suppressed "Jurgen," elected Chief Second-Rater of the United States, and is himself expelled from the organization for being no better than first-rate himself. Thereafter Michael has such adventures as a man of his mental girth could have in and about New York, only in the end to get married and thus to get out of the story.

It may be inexperience which has kept Mr. Woodward from telling as straight a story as he might have told. More probably it is his universal curiosity about ideas. Not much concerned with "plot" in any ordinary sense of the term, he has his fling in any direction in which his curiosity takes him. His flings are his strength. How acutely he reasons that William J. Burns is only a character of fiction! How convincingly he reports the dreadful battle in which the Boston *Evening Transcript* exterminates bolshevism by using the word *psittacism!* How neatly he sets up his minor characters and then tumbles them over by bringing ideas into play! Indeed, he has nearly as sure a touch with characters as with ideas. No captain of industry in American fiction has been drawn with more insight than here goes into the making of Richard Ellerman. Most magnates in novels are either magnified Babbitts or else stuffed giants. Ellerman has credible dimensions. Around him, at Dobbs Ferry, most of the action of "Bunk" takes place. There he has gathered a diverse group to amuse him while men sweat in his Illinois factories to make him rich. There he extinguishes poor Thomas Houghton Hunter, who has come on with a plan to make Ellerman richer. There he sees through almost everything except himself. Mr. Woodward sees through that.

Mr. Woodward sees, it seems, through everything. Yet he is not merely brash, not merely knowing. He understands pity; he feels beauty. "Bunk" is satire seasoned with wisdom. It is, in its robust way, mellow and learned. And it comes at a happy moment, when bunk, long eminent, is being suspected as it has hardly been for a century. Perhaps not many people will find themselves at home in this novel. It mocks too many idols for that, and it wanders through too many by-paths. But for all those who look twice and think three times before believing, "Bunk" will be a delight.

CARL VAN DOREN

The American Spirit

Studies in Classic American Literature. By D. H. Lawrence. Thomas Seltzer. $3.

A Son at the Front. By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

MR. LAWRENCE announces himself as the daughter of Pharaoh who is to rescue the Moses of American literature from the bulrushes of ignorance and neglect. He strips the swaddling clouts from eight American writers and in the process he exposes himself in a most penetrating fashion. His book is honest, independent, and eccentric, a thousand miles, or a million light-days, away from most books of critical essays. Mr. Lawrence's philosophy contains strange and apparently unrelated things, though to him the connections are profound and self-evident. His central theme seems to be an attempt to discover in a few American books and American history some characteristics peculiar to the inhabitants of These States. It is an inquiry which has been undertaken by many investigators, foreign and domestic. The result is almost always the same, that is, no final result at all, no conclusion; and the only value of the quest is the interesting observation here and there on the way. America is not homogeneous enough, and was not in the good old days, for any generalization to hold true. And if a generalization holds good for American character, is it anything but a sweeping idea which is more or less true of the whole human race? I am puzzled by the assertions found on almost every page that "this is American," "especially in America," "the essential American soul," "the best Americans," "as in all Americans," "so typically American," "real American logic," in most cases the characteristic in question being more or less universally human. One is tempted to fall back on Mark Twain's dictum that the only distinctively American peculiarity is a liking for ice-water.

Mr. Lawrence despises democracy as it is manifested in America, and many of us who have lived and suffered under it will bitterly agree that our democracy is not liberty. But there seems to be no liberty anywhere from Ireland to China; our bondage differs in no important respect, not an ounce in the weight of the chains, from the bondage of the rest of the world. And Mr. Lawrence's conclusion, his interpretation of Whitman's democracy, "of souls in the Open Road, full of glad recognition, full of fierce readiness, full of the joy of worship, when one soul sees a greater soul," is a rhetorical climax to which the rest of the book does not clearly conduce.

The core of the book is its tinglingly vital challenge not only to America but to all manner of human quackery and puffery. Because it will offend the patriotic and baffle the stupid, I am inclined to insist on its merits, on its essential wisdom, on its insolent courage, and to leave to others the many quarrels which it provokes. But because I feel its strength I feel all the more keenly its weaknesses, many of which the puniest reviewer can light upon and ridicule, or simply misunderstand, as I do. I do not understand the Laurentian physics and anatomy. What in the world is a "polarized circuit" or a "polarized flow" as applied to a storm in the skies or to a

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storm in the brain? In what other physiology than Mr. Lawrence's is it written that "the poles of the will are the great ganglia of the voluntary nerve system, located beside the spinal column in the back," or that love is the "prime cause of tuberculosis"? Mr. Lawrence's history is shaky. The motives of migration are complicated and may include a spiritual revulsion against political or religious authority and even some mysterious IT (Mr. Lawrence's mystical capitals outdo Whitman or a Hearst editorial). But the main motive for colonization is economic, the desire to get a better living, to exploit new lands, when life is hard in the old ones. It is that desire which has sent races and individuals across continents and seas. The economic motive is the cause also of revolutions. When the colonies rebelled against the mother country they did indulge in oratory and pamphlets, some of them, including Thomas Paine (not "Tom Payne"), eloquent and idealistic. But the motive was simply practical: to kick out a foreign landlord and tax-collector. Let us alone to manage and exploit this country ourselves. To say that Franklin at the court of France was "contriving the first steps of the overthrow of all Europe, France included," that he was "making a small but very dangerous hole in the side of England, through which Europe has by now almost bled to death," is to rewrite history beyond the legitimate limits of individual interpretation. Mr. Lawrence is not more successful with the earlier history of Europe. "Mastery, kingship, fatherhood had their power destroyed at the time of the Renaissance." Nothing like that happened in Europe. In France, for example, the power of kingship was at its height long after the Renaissance. Mr. Lawrence's modern history is equally whimsical. "The pattern American, this dry, moral utilitarian little democrat has done more to ruin the old Europe than any Russian nihilist." Which is true only in the sense that the Russian nihilist has done exactly nothing to ruin the old Europe.

But Mr. Lawrence is a literary man, not an historian, and his observations on writers and books are exhilarating. His subversions of the highly moral maxims of Benjamin Franklin would have delighted A. Ward, an American writer of the old American stock. The remarks on Cooper are illuminating and wise, especially the paragraphs about Natty Bumppo as myth. Dana and Melville Mr. Lawrence heartily appreciates. Poe he but dimly understands, and he wraps that already vexed soul in more confusion and mystery. If Poe "told us plainly how it was, so that we should know," why muddle his story with baseless conjecture? "Love killed him." So? That is a purely original contribution on Mr. Lawrence's part to Poe's biography. The two studies of Hawthorne are subtle and mainly just, though marred by irritating trivialities: why should Hawthorne, whose gray eyes were so deeply shadowed that several of his contemporaries called them black, appear in Mr. Lawrence's portrait as "a blue-eyed darling"? The essay on Whitman is least satisfactory, and begins with the strangest of Mr. Lawrence's perversities, that Whitman's effects are "post mortem," like the rest of American literature since 1851 when "Moby Dick" was published, and "the Great White Whale sank the ship of the Great White Soul." Whitman is the poet of "the soul's last shout and shriek, on the confines of death." Let who can make sense of that.

Mr. Lawrence deals only with American classics, with the "old people," and does not mention the living by name, except Sherwood Anderson, "who is so Russian"! But it would be interesting, if we could, to turn upon an important living American writer one or two reflections from Mr. Lawrence's glancing and erratic lights. Mrs. Edith Wharton was born in New York. Her father's name was Jones and her mother's name was Rhinelander. She is as authentically American as anybody can be. Like some other Americans she is cosmopolitan in her experience. The knowledge of eighteenth-century Italy which she shows in "The Valley of Decision" is somewhat deeper than that of the American tourists who arouse Mr. Lawrence's wrath, who "have done more to kill the sacredness of old European beauty and aspiration than multitudes of bombs." She is sufficiently familiar with French literature and American history to recognize the irrelevance of this from Mr. Lawrence: "America was not taught by France—by Baudelaire, for example. Baudelaire learned his lesson from America." Why pick out Baudelaire for an example, the most untranslatable poet, who did not learn "his lesson" from America, but did find a kindred spirit in Poe? Mrs. Wharton has studied American people intimately, presumably white people, the moderately aristocratic society of New York, with its tragedies, as in the story of Lily Bart, and in "Ethan Frome," the tragedy of the little New Englander of our time, a tragedy as terrible as that of Hester Prynne.

Mrs. Wharton's latest book, "A Son at the Front," is not her best. It is the story of an American painter in Paris whose French-born son is killed in the war. The boy's mother is divorced from the father and is married to an American banker. Lawrence would love the banker as an occasion to swear about American gold. But what difference is there between American gold and other gold, between a French banker and an American banker? Between a French painter and an American painter? Is the American boy who must have had an "essential American soul" "hard, isolate, stoic, and a killer"—in a time when all Europe was bent on the business of killing? Is not the period after the war, when the whole world went into a bigger and hotter melting-pot than America, precisely the time for philosophers like Mr. Lawrence to distrust generalizations about national characteristics, or at least keep them safely in the past—as for the most part he does—and not extend them into the doubtful indicative present?

There is one phrase of Mr. Lawrence's which applies to Mrs. Wharton's book in a way quite different from anything he intended. Her story is out of date. She evidently began it five years ago and laid it aside until last year. It need never have been finished. The war story with little love intrigues and personal sorrows plotted against that disaster is dead. Perhaps many years from now one greater than Hardy or Tolstoi will make an epic of it. For the present the love story with "news from the front" is staler than the Kaiser's memoirs. And that is why, much as I admire Mrs. Wharton's skill in character-drawing and her impeccable style, I find in her book, as probably Mr. Lawrence would: "Post-mortem effects. Ghosts."

JOHN MACY

Georg Brandes

Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature. By Georg Brandes. Six volumes. Boni and Liveright. $18.

Creative Spirits of the Nineteenth Century. By Georg Brandes. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.

Hellas Einst und Jetzt. Von Georg Brandes. Berlin: Elena Gottschalk Verlag.

GEORG BRANDES is one of the great humanists of the age. Born in a small country, his mind embraced the world. Stern and yet warm, incorruptible by friendship or favor, that mind has watched the varying and tragic fortunes of Europe with a profound understanding, a high and saddened benignity. Brandes has always been a good European. In 1870 he watched with Renan the inevitable downfall of the Third Empire; in 1914 he stood not loosely but critically above the battles; today, in his extreme old age, he proclaims with strong but tempered indignation the sordid machinations by which a group of Powers plunged Greece into disaster and stood by in brutal inaction while Smyrna became crimson with blood and flame.

Yet this man has been neither politician nor even publicist. He has been a critic and an historian of literature. But his art or craft or science has not meant to him the exploitation of technical scholarship, vast and accurate as his learning is, nor has it been an exercise in aesthetic appreciation despite his sensitiveness to the color of prose, the magic of landscape, the

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cadence of verse. Long before the days of the Croceans he declared all art to be expression, significant and concentrated expression of the entire inner process of civilization. Hence to him the history of literature has been the history, first of fiery and articulate souls, then of the dumb but feeling masses for whom the poets spoke, and so the essential history of mankind itself. His work, then, it is clear, differs wholly from that of the Saintsburys to whom literature consists of a loose series of delightful exercises in mere writing; nor, on the other hand, has Brandes, like Taine or Villemain or even Scherer, permitted himself to be ensnared by a theory, whether pseudo-scientific or nationalistic, that is antecedent to the literary and human fact. The very function of criticism has seemed to him indeed incompatible with such or any prejudgment. "For it is criticism," he declares, "which removes mountains—the mountains of belief in authority, of prejudice, of thoughtless power and dead tradition."

It is well to give his theory of the writing of literary history in his own words. The libraries and universities of the world are crowded with men ambitious to add to the history of literature and quite forgetful of the fact that their labors produce no more than the raw material from which the true historian will some day weave the texture of his work. "I shall endeavor, on the one hand," Brandes wrote long ago, "to treat the history of literature as humanly as possible, to go as deep down as I can, to seize upon the remotest, innermost psychological movements which prepared for and produced the various literary phenomena; and, on the other hand, I shall try to present the result in as plastic and tangible a form as possible. . . . First and foremost, therefore, I shall trace everywhere the connection between literature and life. . . . I go down to the foundations of real life and show how the emotions which find their expression in literature arise in the human heart." He has not, I must add, deceived himself as to the scientific or objective accuracy of the result. He knows with Anatole France that history and criticism, like poetry and music, are but a part of that visionary pageantry by which man makes human and beautiful the naked and unhuman world. Thus at the end of his chief work Brandes makes the crucial admission: "The power which has grouped, contrasted, thrown into relief or suppressed, lengthened or shortened, placed in full light, in half light, or in shadow, is none other than that never entirely conscious power to which we usually give the name of art."

No better time than this could have been chosen to reissue the famous "Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature." The work is fresh and strong; it burns with its own fire and light. It does more than that. It illuminates the troubled present. Revolution and devastating war have come over Europe once more. And we find there once more many of the psychological and so literary phenomena that Brandes chronicles of an earlier period. Once more we have the psychology of the émigré, once more the rhetoric of reaction, as in Papini, once more the flight from reality, once called romanticism, now expressionism, once more as in Shelley or the later writers of the Young Germany group, valiant fighters in humanity's long war of liberation.

But I must not give the impression, long as this book has been famous, that Brandes is exclusively *kulturgeschichtlich* or neglects the vital matter of beauty which is eternal and transcends both the squabbles and the disasters of history. He knows that "nothing formless or only half-formed endures." And he does not hesitate to apply this criterion to so massive a figure as that of Balzac. No English-speaking critic, on the other hand, could show himself more profoundly thrilled by the music of Shelley. And with this blending of sagacity and sensitiveness he produces passage after passage which exemplify the fact which he restates in the preface to his latest collection of essays: "Criticism is an art, though it is not usually mentioned as one of the fine arts." Among such passages in the "Main Currents" it is worth while pointing out the exquisite description of Thorwaldsen's Night and its alienation from the gloom and splendor of the Greek vision, the direct appeal to experience in the analysis of the romantic attitude to nature, the brief but stirring parallel between Shelley and Novalis, the serene appreciation of Landor's Attic prose, the human warmth, sympathy, insight of the account of George Sand, the lucid and unfaltering discrimination between what is meretricious and what is for all time in the poetry of Heine.

It must be remembered finally that the works of this humanist and critic come to us under the heaviest of all literary disadvantages. From the point of view of vision and wisdom, of tolerance and breadth, it has, no doubt, been of the highest service to him to be a Jew and a Dane. But who, as he once asked not without a touch of bitterness, reads Danish? The English translations are accurate enough, but both slack and pedestrian. There can be little doubt but that, in their original tongue, his books display in style and structure a measure of that creative beauty which he has seen so clearly in the works of others, with which, in the books of so many poets in so many lands he has lived so closely and so long. L. L.

Poets and Wits

Harmonium. By Wallace Stevens. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.
Less Lonely. By Alfred Kreymborg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.
Whipperginny. By Robert Graves. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

MR. STEVENS'S most famous poem, Peter Quince at the Clavier, appeared in "Others" as long as seven years ago, and he has continued ever since to dance like a tantalizing star through magazines and anthologies. But there was no volume until now. While some of his admirers called for one rather loudly, the rest were content that Mr. Stevens should exist in bright fragments, being afraid, perhaps, that he might not glitter in the bulk. "Harmonium" will dissolve their doubt, for it places its author high among those wits of today who are also poets—T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Maxwell Bodenheim, Alfred Kreymborg, William Carlos Williams, Aldous Huxley, Sacheverell Sitwell, and Robert Graves.

His wit, of course, has nothing of the Augustan about it. It is not clear; it is not the expression of common sense. It is tentative, perverse, and superfine; and it will never be popular. What public will care for a poet who strains every nerve every moment to be unlike anyone else who ever wrote; who writes a remarkable spiritual biography no line of which is transparent and calls it The Comedian as the Letter C; who writes not about a blackbird but about Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird; who gives his pieces such titles as Le Monocle de Mon Oncle, Hibiscus on the Sleeping Shores, Homunculus et la Belle Etoile, The Emperor of Ice-Cream, Exposition of the Contents of a Cab; and who offers this under Bantams in Pine-Woods?

> Chieftain Iffucan of Azcan in caftan
> Of tan with henna hackles, halt!
>
> Damned universal cock, as if the sun
> Was blackamoor to bear your blazing tail.
>
> Fat! Fat! Fat! Fat! I am the personal.
> Your world is you. I am my world.
>
> You ten-foot poet among inchlings. Fat!
> Begone! An inchling bristles in these pines,
>
> Bristles, and points their Appalachian tangs,
> And fears not portly Azcan nor his hoos.

Mr. Stevens will never be much read. But some day there will be a monograph on him and his twentieth-century kin who ranged their restless faculties over all the deserts and hill-tops of the world to inaugurate a new era of what Dryden once called "wit-writing"—an era which may be short and may be long.

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That monograph will pay particular tribute to the pure phrasing of Mr. Stevens, to his delicately enunciated melody, his economy, his clipped cleanliness of line, his gentle excellence. And it will not be wrong if it finds him more durable, even with all his obscurity, than much of the perfect sense and the perfect rhyme that passed for poetry in his day; if it represents his work as drifting permanently, like frozen chords, through certain memories—the overtone of our droll, creedless time.

It was Mr. Kreymborg who introduced Mr. Stevens into "Others," and the two names are often mentioned together. But Mr. Kreymborg is not the poet that Mr. Stevens is, whatever else he may genuinely be. Both men write nonsense, but the pages of Mr. Kreymborg lack tension and vibrancy, and so cannot appeal to the ear. Nothing shapes itself in the memory; we do not recall one line. Mr. Kreymborg is naive and charming, and he is an agreeable satirist in prose. In the first and fourth poems here he has recognized some pretty identities between fish and men, between needles and rain. But he develops them with a drawl that has nothing to do with poetry, however characteristic of himself it may be. The new sonnets from Italy have a modicum of melody inescapable in the form; they are not otherwise distinguished.

"Whipperginny" is the fourth volume of Mr. Graves's warm and witty verse to appear in America, and it is one of the best. It represents no marked advance in ability, perhaps; yet it convinces us that Mr. Graves is continuing to experiment and therefore to grow. He does not intend to die like the Unfortunate Artist for whom he writes an epitaph:

> He found a formula for drawing comic rabbits:
> This formula for drawing comic rabbits paid,
> So in the end he could not change the tragic habits
> This formula for drawing comic rabbits made.

He meant what he said in his recent book, "On English Poetry"; he will never publish a poem which has not grown from some psychological experience, which in a way does not write itself out of some twist in his own mind. His mind has many twists. It is a curious mind. And the possessor of it knows how to write. Not a few poems in "Whipperginny" are very bad, but not one of them is dull. Mr. Graves is best at quatrains, which he keeps piquant and surprising because he keeps them full of ideas. "The General Elliott" will be familiar to those who read the analysis of it in "On English Poetry." The Technique of Perfection is a complete commentary on the Christian ideal in thirteen quaintly ironic quatrains. And there is a funny epigram on one of the poet's ancestors, not to speak of half a dozen touching and beautiful love-poems. Mr. Graves is establishing himself.

MARK VAN DOREN

A Great Anti-Imperialist

The Life of Sir William Harcourt. By A. G. Gardiner. George H. Doran Company. $12.

WHAT gives Harcourt's career its special significance today is his attitude to imperialism. British Liberalism is sick—in the opinion of many, sick unto death. Whatever may be the regimen needed to restore it to sound health, there can be no difficulty in the diagnosis. It is clear enough now that the malady began when the party gave hospitality to the imperialist germ. If it had remained faithful to its old motto of "Peace, retrenchment, and reform" it would have been spared the ills of which it has lately been the victim, and the history not only of the party but of the nation itself would have been very different. In the light of what has happened since his day Harcourt's career shines with a brighter luster. This biography shows that his failure to attain to the premiership was due not, as frequently alleged, to the difficulty of his temper but to his taking what was at the time the unpopular side on the issue that was rending the Liberal party at its center. At the moment, Rosebery and his followers triumphed, but their success meant the temporary disappearance of the old Liberal traditions and the committal of the party to the disastrous policy of balance of power and continental entanglements. The event has already amply vindicated the wisdom of Harcourt's judgment.

These volumes tell for the first time the full story of the struggle unceasingly waged by Harcourt within the cabinet against the new and fashionable cult. "Ever since the Crimean days," says Mr. Gardiner, Harcourt was "unfaltering in his attachment to the policy of peace as the chief interest of the country. He opposed intervention in continental affairs, except when that intervention was directed toward the attainment of a common European policy, thought that the country already had more colonial responsibilities than was good for it, resisted provocative expenditure on armaments, which he rightly regarded as one of the roots of international distrust, had long ago nailed his colors to the mast of the Blue Water School, and hated jingoism and its 'prancing pro-consuls' in all their manifestations." He belonged to the old school of Cobden and Gladstone, and never succumbed to the fascination of Rosebery's "glittering personality." During his leadership of the House of Commons his chief anxieties arose from the persistent attempts of the Foreign Office to carry out, without even advising him that they were in train, policies of which he heartily disapproved. "The cornerstone of Harcourt's Liberal faith," says his biographer, "was the love of peace. Himself the most gladiatorial of men in the sphere of intellectual combat, he loathed war as the denial of the sanity of human relationships. It offended him both by its unreason and its inhumanity." Though hampered by advancing years and failing health, he did what he could to avert the Boer War, and in his last days in Parliament he offered a strenuous resistance to what he regarded as "the great back-wash of post-war reaction."

Closely allied to his anti-imperialism was his devotion to the cause of sound finance. Few chancellors of the exchequer have deserved as well of their country. His death duties budget opened a new era in financial reform. He exercised the wholesome tradition of Treasury control over the spending departments with merciless and masterful insistence, and conducted his controversies with their chiefs with consummate skill and unwearied industry. His last great speech in the House of Commons, a fitting epilogue to his career, was an exposition of his favorite text that "a spendthrift nation means a miserable people."

If only for the light it casts on these two great questions—imperialism and public finance—this biography might easily claim to make a valuable contribution to the history of the period. But what makes this biography most attractive is its picture of the man himself. The big, burly, commanding figure so familiar to his contemporaries lives again in its pages. We are reminded that Harcourt's earliest reputation was gained not as a politician but as an expert in constitutional and international law. He came first into national prominence through the powerful series of letters he wrote to the *Times*, over the pseudonym of "Historicus," on the various delicate juristic questions arising out of the American Civil War, from the recognition of the belligerency of the South to the launching and equipment of the Alabama. One rises from a study of the chapters on this subject with a conviction that Harcourt's services to a good Anglo-American understanding have not yet received adequate recognition on either side of the Atlantic. While, however, his eminence as a jurist impressed the members of his chosen profession—it was attested not only by his successes at the Parliamentary Bar but by his appointment as the first Whewell Professor of International Law at Cambridge—it was as a parliamentary debater and leader and a speaker on the public platform that Harcourt became most widely known to his fellow-countrymen. Before everything else he was "a House of Commons man," and his devotion to that House was largely responsible for his refusal of an offer of a peerage on the occasion of King Edward's coronation. It was

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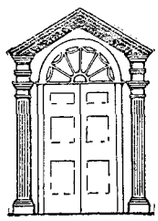

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as a great House of Commons man—"one of the greatest parliamentary figures we have known in our experience"—that his memory was especially honored by Lord Balfour. After exalting his great powers in debate, his unequaled knowledge of parliamentary procedure, and his rare intellectual gifts, this distinguished leader of the opposite party declared that he possessed also in a supereminent degree the quality which can only be described as "personality." "Whether Sir William spoke or was silent," said Balfour, "no one could forget for a moment that he was present."

"His vigor and vitality were extraordinary," testifies Sir Laurence Guillemard, who was for ten years Harcourt's private secretary at the Treasury. "They were to scale with his enormous frame. When he was in the vein, his talk was burgundy to other people's claret; when he was well, he made other people seem feeble and anemic; when he was ill, he was ill with all his might, and resorted to Gargantuan remedies." Indeed, if one wished to describe Harcourt concisely, one would need only to say of him that in every sense he was a big man. "The vast contours of his personality," says his biographer, "did not fit themselves easily into the small conventions of things. He needed a free air and ample room for his large movements. He bulged over enormously into the world of considered etiquette. He was himself, Harcourt, large, arrogant, joyous, ebullient as a gale from the West, and as hard to confine within the narrow limits of artificial decorums." It was characteristic of him that he smoked only fat cigars, and that he consumed them in vast quantities.

Mr. Gardiner successfully meets the common charge that Harcourt was consumed with ambition and jealousy. If so, he would not have exerted himself, as he did in 1886, to keep within the ranks of the Liberal party his most dangerous rival to the succession, nor would it have been possible to say of him that "he was never more industrious in his parliamentary labors, or more tireless in service for the causes to which he was devoted, than when, grown old and with heavy private burdens suddenly thrust upon him, he had no reward to look for except the satisfaction of his sense of what was due from him to his country."

English Liberals have had good reason to lament the ill fate which recently removed Mr. Gardiner from the editorship of the London *Daily News*, where for so many years he had given such brilliant evidence of his journalistic ability. It is some compensation that the leisure he has thus acquired has given him the opportunity of writing this admirable memoir—a book which easily stands in the front rank of the biographies of the year.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

Can Germany Pay?

Germany's Capacity to Pay. By H. G. Moulton and C. E. McGuire, with the aid of the Council and Staff of the Institute of Economics. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $2.50.

IN establishing the Institute of Economics, the Carnegie Corporation declared that "in committing to the trustees the administration of the endowment of the Institute of Economics, over which the corporation will have no control whatsoever, it has in mind a single purpose—namely, that the institute shall be conducted with the sole object of ascertaining the facts about current economic problems and of interpreting these facts for the people of the United States in the most simple and understandable form."

In preparing the first volume of the institute's publications, Moulton and McGuire have perfectly lived up to the standard proclaimed by the Carnegie Corporation. Their sole object evidently was to ascertain the facts and after having done so they wrote the first thorough study on the reparation problem, in the most simple and understandable form.

What has Germany paid? Allied and German estimates or calculations of the reparation payments already made are widely divergent. The Reparation Commission acknowledged receipts to the amount of 8 billion gold marks while the German Government contends that it should be credited with 44 billion gold marks. Moulton and McGuire, after an impartial analysis of the available data, arrive at the conclusion that the tangible values surrendered by Germany to the Reparation Commission aggregate between 25 and 26 billion gold marks. In making this estimate they do not credit to Germany, for instance, the 11.6 billion gold marks which Germany claims to have "paid" to the Reparation Commission by ceding, on the request of the Allies, the loans she had made to her war-time associates, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. Moulton and McGuire do not credit these securities to Germany because they are not tangible values, but they think that, while these securities are not much worth at present, "they ought in fairness to be recorded now at a nominal value of at least 1 gold mark, subject to such ultimate revision as the future may warrant." Another big item which Germany includes and the Reparation Commission excludes consists of 11.7 billion gold marks of property of German citizens in foreign countries which has been seized and liquidated by the Allied governments. In this case, Moulton and McGuire share the viewpoint of Germany, since at the time of its seizure this property was yielding interest and profits to German citizens and its loss undeniably means a net reduction in the income of the German people. As, however, there is a possibility that Germany will get credit for as much as 1.5 billion gold marks for property returned by the Alien Property Custodian of the United States, they conclude that Germany's ultimate loss in this connection will be about 10 billion gold marks and therefore credit Germany with this sum. They also approach the German viewpoint as to the principles of valuation which should be used for the deliveries in kind. In general, it appears that the Allies have taken, as the value of a commodity, the lowest estimate of its worth from the point of view of immediate marketability—that is, the price at which it could be liquidated at forced sale. The German principle, on the other hand, appears to be one which considers each piece of property as part of a going concern, with a value much in excess of what could be realized at auction. Moulton and McGuire say that the German principle is obviously more nearly in accordance with accepted fiscal, commercial, and legal practice. The British and French governments valued the ships destroyed by Germany at a figure representing their actual worth in the carrying trade; and they computed the values at war-time prices. It is not consistent, therefore, to contend at the time of the shipping depression of 1920-21, when the Reparation Commission made its valuation, "that ships delivered during the boom period of 1919 were not worth much." Germany had estimated the value of the merchant marine surrendered by her at 5¾ billion gold marks; the Reparation Commission had credited her with only ¾ billion gold marks. Moulton and McGuire consider "3.5 billions as the very least value to Germany which these ships could have had at the time of delivery."

How has Germany paid? A nation cannot pay foreign obligations unless that nation is able to muster an excess of exports of goods and services over imports of goods and services. Germany, however, had at no time since the war an exportable surplus available for reparations, but instead a cumulative deficit of approximately 10 billion gold marks. She could *temporarily* make reparation payments in spite of this huge deficit in her international trade and financial account (1) by the sale of the remnants of German foreign investments; (2) by the sale of paper marks to speculators in foreign countries; and (3) by the sale to foreigners of shares of stock and property in Germany. Moulton and McGuire accept the official German estimate according to which 1 billion gold marks have been derived from the liquidation of foreign investments still held at the end of the war; they accept the estimate of Keynes that paper marks to the extent of 8 billion gold marks have been sold to foreigners since the war, but they reject his erroneous estimate that only 1 billion gold marks have been realized from the sale to foreigners of domestic property within Germany and

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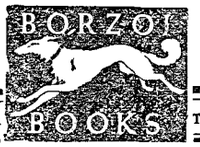

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show that these investments amounted in reality to at least 8 billion gold marks—one-half of which may have been paid with paper marks.

What can Germany pay? The liquidation of former German investments abroad is practically complete; the sale of paper marks to foreign speculators and of German securities and German property to foreign investors does not yield any more essential returns; in the future, Germany could meet reparation payments only by an excess of exports of goods and services over imports. Moulton and McGuire are pessimistic as to the possibilities of such an excess, because, according to their estimate, Germany's imports *must* amount (at present prices) to not less than 14 billion gold marks, if the present German population is to be permitted to survive and to work at pre-war efficiency, if Germany is to regain her export trade.

Moulton and McGuire are certainly right. Germany can in the long run pay reparations only by exporting more than she imports and she will not export more than she imports—if every farmer, every manufacturer, every merchant continues to carry on his business as he pleases, just as he did in pre-war times and ever since. But the productive efficiency of the German people and the surplus of exportable goods *might* be greatly increased by replacing anarchic through regulated production. This possibility, which has not been considered by Moulton and McGuire, would, it is true, not have very much effect as long as the export markets for German goods are curtailed by the general impoverishment of Europe, and still more so by the erection everywhere of tariff barriers.

"One can find no more striking illustration of human fatuity than the demand on the part of the Allied countries that Germany must make vast reparation payments and the simultaneous erection of tariff barriers, the result of which is to make such payments impossible. The tragedy is that even yet few people realize that any inconsistency is involved."

It is to be hoped that the courageous book of Moulton and McGuire will have the result that the statesmen of the Allied countries at last will realize this inconsistency. The World War has not yet been followed by a World Peace. There can be no World Peace without a fair solution of the reparation problem. There can be no fair solution of the reparation problem unless German goods are welcome on all the markets of the world.

R. R. KUCZYNSKI

Giovanni Verga

Mastro-Don Gesualdo. By Giovanni Verga. Translated by D. H. Lawrence. Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

WHEN Giovanni Verga died in 1922, aged eighty-two years, he was the most famous and least-read novelist in Italy. Indeed, it is probable that he had more admirers and fewer readers than any famous writer of his time. His career was unique, for in the first ten years, from 1866 to 1876, he was a successful and popular author of novels in the manner of Octave Feuillet, which, to this day, far exceed in sales the later and important works on which his permanent fame must rest. Then he published the volume of short stories containing "Cavalleria Rusticana," and had the sardonic pleasure of seeing that work become known all over the world as the more or less anonymous libretto of Mascagni's opera. The following year his masterpiece appeared, "I Malavoglia," and seven years later, in 1888, came "Mastro-Don Gesualdo." These were announced as the first two volumes of a pentalogy with the general title of "The Defeated," but the third was never finished, and the fourth and fifth volumes, so far as is known, were never written. Verga's literary life may be said to have ceased thirty-four years before his death. During that time his youthful novels were in every bookstore and railway newsstand, but the two greatest works of fiction in Italian literature since Manzoni lay neglected, except for the praise of the critics, beginning with Croce, who recognized what their predecessors in the eighties had been too blind to see.

Verga's fame abroad has followed very much the same course. In spite of the efforts of Edouard Rod, who translated "I Malavoglia," the book had no success in France. In America the novel appeared in 1890, under the title of "The House by the Medlar Tree," with an introduction by Howells. This English version is far from satisfactory, but according to Verga it sold well enough to induce an English publisher to make an agreement for "Mastro-Don Gesualdo." I can find no record of that translation, so it seems the honors go to Mr. D. H. Lawrence for introducing this novel to the English-speaking public—thirty-five years after its first publication! Yet, in those mid-Victorian (metaphorically speaking) American eighteen-nineties, "I Malavoglia" was available in English nine years after its appearance in Italy. Some day, when we have recovered from our delight in our own progressiveness, someone will point out all that was done in that benighted era to bring the literature of continental Europe within the reach of the American public. Meanwhile it is interesting to note the parallel between the fate of Verga's work in his own country and in this. One thing, however, must be said at the outset: the translation of "Mastro-Don Gesualdo" is far superior to that of "I Malavoglia." Verga is an exceedingly difficult author to "get" in another language. His use of Sicilian dialect is discreet and effective, but he adapted Italian to the rhythms of Sicilian, its turns of speech, very much in the way Synge gave English the flavor and tang of Irish. Nothing of this was in "The House by the Medlar Tree," which was also prettified and bowdlerized; there is a great deal of it in this version of "Mastro-Don Gesualdo," which is one of the best translations I have seen for some time. We have too many translations by translators and not enough by men of letters.

The second volume of "The Defeated," like the first, is a vast picture of Sicilian life, but now it is not the ruin of a peasant family, as in "The Malavoglia," but the disintegration of the middle class that Verga has studied, destroyed, when it emerges as wealthy peasantry, by contact with the ruined nobility. Gesualdo Motta is a self-made man who has accumulated his fortune slowly and painfully, with all the pertinacity of those who are close to the soil and who struggle with the forces of nature. The time has come for him to move definitely out of the sphere which has been his for generations, so he marries the daughter of a penniless family of nobles, who thus acquire his wealth and get rid of the problem presented by a girl who has given herself to a man of her own class but cannot marry him because she has no dowry. The marriage, naturally, is a failure, and the child that is born to this ill-matched couple does not redeem it. Gesualdo concentrates upon Isabella his frustrated hopes, but the more he gives her the less she is his, for he provides the education, the luxuries, the ease, which are the essence of her aristocratic being. She is her mother's child not his. She marries into her own class, moves off to the city, and lives in ducal splendor remote from this rugged old man. Her mother dies and Gesualdo is left alone to witness the crumbling away of his own fortune, and the disruption of the whole social order which had seemed as immutable and eternal as the land and the succession of the seasons.

His own life is bound up with that of the period, which is the middle of the nineteenth century, and the political movements of the time, the revolutions of 1820 and 1848, have their strange repercussions in that remote Sicilian village where the scene is laid. The peasants are in revolt against him; he is old and sick and has no bond of affection with a living soul except Diodata, once his servant and the mother of his children, whom he had to dismiss in order to make his way in the world. Like a wounded animal he bears his sufferings, suspecting those who would help him, filled with atavistic superstitions concerning the wiles of doctors and the peasant's distrust of medicines because of the money they cost. Finally he sets off for Palermo to live with his child. The magnificence of the palace overwhelms him, the extravagance and luxury break his heart, as he thinks of the good land that is being squandered, the insolence and number of the servants terrify him. He takes refuge in an isolated apartment in that great house, watches from his window

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the frittering away of all that his labors built up, reads in his daughter's eyes a misery comparable to his own, and knows that her marriage and life have been defeats as surely as his.

The final pages in which the death of Mastro-Don Gesualdo is described are among the most powerful in modern literature. Balzac never surpassed them in "Père Goriot," and it is arguable that, on the whole, Gesualdo is a finer, a more complete conception of the type than Balzac's. Verga succeeds in conveying the tragedy of this central character with marvelous poignancy, but, at the same time, he never loses sight of the vast social drama of which he is an infinitesimal part. Mastro-Don Gesualdo is the peasant in his relation to the land, man the acquisitive animal in relation to property, and within these two limits Verga shows us the whole gamut of human experience. Verga was born in the same year as Daudet and Zola, his best work was contemporary with that of Maupassant, and with all three he has been compared by the historians of naturalism. He is not dwarfed by the comparison, for his short stories hold their own even with "Boule de Suif," and neither "L'Assommoir" nor "Le Nabab" equal their Italian counterparts, "I Malavoglia" and "Mastro-Don Gesualdo." ERNEST BOYD

History of Painting

The Early Northern Painters. Their Art and Times as Illustrated from Examples of Their Work in the National Gallery, London. By Mrs. C. R. Peers. The Medici Society.

A History of Italian Painting. By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

AS a guidebook for a casual visitor who is not an art student to a particular section of the English National Gallery Mrs. Peers's book is as good a companion as one could wish to have. It is chatty, informing, and pleasantly discursive. It makes no pretense to any critical estimates of the works of the early Flemish, Dutch, and German painters with which it deals, because that was not the intention of the author in writing the book. As with her previous volume on "The Early Italian Painters," Mrs. Peers deals with the Northern primitives for the purpose of using their paintings as illustrating the life and times in which they worked. From the pictures in this gallery by Jan van Eyck, Robert Campion, Roger van der Weyden, Peter Christus, Dirk Bouts, Hans Memling, Gerard David, Joachim Patinis, Quinten Matsys, Jan Gossart de Marbuse, Lucas Cranach, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Holbein she selects the material for reconstructing the social life of their times and ingeniously suggesting their points of view. At the same time she takes occasion to relate the more important facts in the lives of the artists and the historic events which form the subject matters of their paintings. Of the sitters for the portraits executed by these painters she gives interesting biographical information and anecdotes. The book is a book of facts, not of values. It is a book of information, primarily, and only secondarily of education. As such it is both well written and well illustrated.

Professor Mather's book on Italian painting is of an entirely different character, both in matter and manner. It is a book for the art student and the art connoisseur. It is criticism in the constructive sense of the word, founded on an estimate of personal acquaintance with the works of the artists and a really sane independence of judgment. It is especially to be commended in that it develops the progress of painting in Italy as an expression of its national life and as a flowering of its aspirations. Students who may find the works of Crowe and Cavalcaselle and Berenson somewhat difficult reading will welcome Professor Mather's most helpful and illuminating analyses, which are the ripe fruits of a sympathetic appreciation of the artists as well as of a vital understanding of the times in which they lived and labored. His treatment of Masaccio is as fine an exposition as has been written of this original force in the world of art, which brought about an entire change in the artist's expression of his relation between the world of his imagination and the world of reality.

Professor Mather modestly claims that his book is for the beginner. While it is true that he omits, as he says, whatever might confuse the novice, and avoids controversial problems which might puzzle the reader unacquainted with the originals, he does set down judgments which demand for their acceptance a knowledge which few beginners possess. Had the illustrations in the book been as fulfilling as his descriptions, even the beginner could have followed the reasoning and embraced the conclusions. Unfortunately the reproductions of the paintings described are of so poor a quality both as photographs and printed work that many of them fail to respond to the author's demands on them. The moral may be pointed, but the tale is not adorned. They fail to make good the enthusiasm of his descriptions. Apart from this defect, for which Professor Mather cannot be blamed, the book as a handy guide to the study of Italian painters from Giotto to Domenichino, is indispensable to every student of their art. A valuable feature is the information given in notes as to the best authorities to be consulted for further reading and study. TEMPLE SCOTT

An Italian Humorist

The Late Mattia Pascal. By Luigi Pirandello. Translated by Arthur Livingston. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

A JOCOSE Italian comic opera, sung by the uproariously drunken inmates of a madhouse. Such is not Mattia Pascal in plot; it is certainly Mattia Pascal in spirit. The fevered Pirandellians never talk—they mutter, they hiss, they scream; they never walk—they bolt, they gallop, they spin. True, the burrowing thief Malagna, the acrid Aunt Scolastica, the frantic mother-in-law Pescatore have their rational intervals. But it is the rationality of the bedlam Epicurus, who loudly protesting that his diet will be only melted pearls, nevertheless ravenously devours his dinner of plebeian pot-roast. In a long preface the author proves, by a series of newspaper clippings, how the human beings of fact sometimes act as do his creatures of fiction. Granted. Yet does that prove them any the less insane? It is superfluous labor. No excuse is needed for madness so droll, so merry, so exhilarating.

Poor haphazard, philosophic Mattia of the cock-eye! Tortured by a mooning wife and a screeching mother-in-law, he reads on a train the fervid story of his own tragic suicide in a mill-flume. The erroneous identification is the key to his freedom. The barber shaves him close, he buys a pair of thick blue glasses; thus simply he buries Mattia Pascal, and a new entity, Adriano Meis, is born. Too soon Adriano finds absolute freedom to exist only in the lying tomes of the scholars. If his money is stolen, he cannot complain to the police: Adriano is not a man legalized by a birth certificate. He cannot buy a plaintive shivering puppy: the philanthropic purchase would necessitate reporting his name and ancestry to the collector of dog taxes. Nor can he fall in love; love would mean confidences and ultimate discovery. Months of misery elapse: the despairing Adriano, automaton born of a newspaper, goes back into nothingness. Out of his hat, cane, and a farewell note left lying on the Margharita Bridge, Mattia Pascal, a waggish phoenix, arises reborn, to return to the white-faced village of his nativity, and reverently lay flowers upon his own grave.

Mattia the Don Quixote, Mattia the Don Juan, Mattia the Unexpected. His code the reader never knows. One hour the trifler, the next the pious knight; one moment beguiling the feminine, the next windmilling its attackers. Always attractive, except when abstruse philosophy dulls his bantering discourse.

Dramatic as any of the Pirandellian plays is this Pirandellian novel. A ribald vigor sweeps through its pages; no chap-

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NEW YORK, September, 1923.

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ter lacks its impassioned arguments, its blustering combats, its frenzies at the gaming table. Action is everywhere: action gained through a glowing, almost curt dialogue. Perhaps Charles Chaplin is a reader of Italian. Perhaps he chanced to come upon Mattia Pascal published in the original twenty years ago. Assuredly the Rabelaisian climax of the war between the two Amazons, Scolastica and the Widow Pescatore, might well have furnished the inspiration for his early Pie Armageddons.

Every character, momentary though his appearance may be, is invested with droll individuality. Don Eligio, the recondite Boccamazza librarian, who spends an entire forenoon divorcing a pair of books which have embraced each other by the bindings; Guendolina, the gourmand wife with her petulant "I wish the Lord would give you one good cramp like those I have"; the amiable Roman drunkard who beholding Mattia's woebegone face, squats down to look up at him in bewilderment and exclaim optimistically, "Cheer up, brother! Let's see you crack a smile!"

The spirited, sympathetic translator remarks that the volume is the most important novel of the New Italy. It seems rather a pity that the book should be thus damned to the death of a classic. Had he declared it the most merry and the most diverting, he would have been very near the truth.

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

Books in Brief

The Manuscript of Youth. By Diana Patrick. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

A patience of finer texture than the average is indispensable to a faithful perusal of Miss Patrick's involved paragraphs. Nearly every sentence carries the ballast of three or more thoughts—good thoughts, all of them—but it's rather slow work untangling them from the commas. For the rest, a more or less conventional love story, of English setting.

Deep Channel. By Margaret Prescott Montague. Atlantic Monthly Press. $1.90.

A timid old maid falls in love with an equally timid married man, and by sinking their fears jointly in their emotion they generate sufficient courage to fortify a novelist. There is nothing notably new in this narrative, either in the theme or treatment. At the rate with which books of this type are being produced, it should not be long before all the starved souls of fiction are fed.

Seven for a Secret. By Mary Webb. George H. Doran Company. $2.

This novel by the author of "Gone to Earth" has substantial merits, even though they are of modest proportions. Mrs. Webb demonstrates an ability to get beneath the surface of emotions. Thomas Hardy is her model and to him she dedicates her book. Hitching one's wagon to a star is not forbidden in the traffic regulations of literature, but Mrs. Webb by no means attains the celestial pace. "Seven for a Secret" travels with all four wheels on the ground.

The Back Seat. By G. B. Stern. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

Books from the pen of G. B. Stern bear the stamp of a civilized mind. "The Back Seat" is no exception. Interesting human beings are placed in intelligible situations, and the resultant problems worked out with alert sympathy and an ample measure of philosophy. In this story, the situation develops around an actress and a wise husband who realizes the advantages of holding the back seat—a theme with Barriesque implications, done very much in that mood.

Hidden Lives. By Leonora Eyles. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

The author of this novel has expended a great deal of sincere effort, and maintained a good average of workmanship, but the story is such a pile of woe that it outbalances all other factors. Here is a narrative hoist by its own petard—the petard, in this case, being the plot. A compound of social welfare and religious fanaticism is an explosive mixture at best, and Mrs. Eyles appears to lack either the humor or the discretion to keep it within the bounds of plausibility. In ability to absorb disaster, Mrs. Eyles's reader is apt to reach the saturation-point some little time before her heroine does.

Bread. By Charles G. Norris. Dutton and Company. $2.

The monosyllabic economy which prompts Mr. Norris in his selection of titles—"Salt," "Bread," "Brass"—seems to desert him completely when it comes to the actual writing. In his latest work, which runs well beyond 500 compact pages, he cherishes every crumb of detail, every dry crust of incident, and—like a frugal cook—makes today's unconsumed bread the foundation of tomorrow's pudding. Beyond a certain point, this ceases to be a dietetic virtue, and one wishes that the novelist had been willing to discard a little more, retaining only the essentials of his otherwise interesting and well-composed novel, which deals sanely with the problem of the woman in business and its bearing upon marriage.

Music

Striking the Hour

WE who live in New York are so apt to have our conception of general conditions at large biased by those which prevail here that we often lose perspective of a movement. This is especially true of the musical situation in America which, at present, holds a unique place in the annals of our cultural progress. The war which recently ruined half the world enriched us in more ways than one; for it literally dumped the musical wealth of Europe upon our shores, much, it must be added, to our dismay. We were not ready to receive it because, for one reason, the tide had hitherto always flowed toward Europe rather than from it; and, for another, the territory, as a whole, was still too virgin for ready distribution. Even New York, best prepared of all, perhaps, to handle it, grew increasingly helpless and bewildered at this unceasing bombardment of tone. Unexpectedly elevated from a relatively minor position to the foremost musical market in the world, with what seemed all the talent in the world clamoring for recognition, and her musical activities suddenly increased at least 50 per cent, she immediately lost her balance in judgment and taste. She became so jaded with perfection that only the super-normal pleased her; so weary from this impact with ambition that the hundreds of ensuing failures depressed her. What she did not realize was that what seemed to fail in New York was often not so much from lack of inherent worth as from absence of just those qualities which make an abnormal appeal. And that her continuous pessimism was more the result of her own auditory fatigue and actual ignorance of what became of these so-called "failures" than of the truth of conditions as they are.

The situation is, of course, serious, but more so to the American musician than to the foreign. For the former has welcomed the latter with open arms, and the latter has not always reciprocated in kind. Even so impartial an observer as Loudon Charlton admits this. Yet he also claims that sensationalism is not the general creed of the country, and that artistic appreciation everywhere is "on the *upward* path, not downward." And Mr. Charlton is in a position to know. For twenty-five years he has been a pioneer in managerial fields, and the artists he has guided to success have, for the most part, been more distinguished for fine musical sensibilities than for purely virtuoso gifts. Among other interesting statements of Mr. Charlton, he asserts that this country has already assimilated, since the war, half of the musical influx from abroad. This, he adds, has, of course, necessitated the development of much new territory; and the development itself, with its genuinely high standards devoid of dross, is largely due, he declares, to the women's

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clubs and educational institutions now sprinkled so liberally throughout the country. To them must be given the real credit of encouraging, not only the finest in musical art, but also the gifted young artist in the straight and rocky path to a career. And so, many a musician flourishes without the approval of New York.

There has been, perhaps, no greater proof of fallow soil and careful sowing than the solid growth of our symphony orchestras. The fact that they are even maintained by our best moving-picture houses is a sure indication of popular taste. That they are fast becoming so integral a part of our life is all the more reason why they should be sympathetic to that life. But as long as native conductors are barred from the baton, and native music is listed under "novelties," conditions in this respect will be far from ideal.

Yet with it all, the only obstacles to our growth that at present seem insurmountable are our two subsidized grand opera companies. In spite of the fact that American money supports them, they remain what they were when founded: Europeanized institutions run for the exploitation of Europeans. If all the artists honored on their rostrums were far superior to any we could muster, then criticism would become chauvinism. But where we can match these artists with our own, then it seems about time to fight for our hearth rights. And that can be done in a very practical, yet dignified way. There are in this country, available, at least thirty or forty singers who, if pre-war conditions prevailed, would be filling the finest opera houses in Europe. Let them band together with native musicians and conductors as their colleagues in England have done. There, the British artists have formed a cooperative organization, which, aided by private subscription from the public itself, has become a sound business as well as artistic enterprise. They give the standard repertory in English, take risks, that have not yet proved disastrous, on their own native composers, and by touring the provinces as well as visiting London twice annually, they not only keep themselves in work most of the year round, but uphold what is a really National Opera. There is no reason why the same thing could not be done here successfully, because Fortuno Gallo has already proved it can be done. Moreover, we have as beautiful native voices and initial talent as ever came from the opera houses of Europe. The same thing is beginning to be done in orchestral circles. And it is only when the American musician himself "gets out and hustles," to use a classic American phrase, that he will be able to hear when his hour begins to strike.

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Drama

Miscellany

WE are promised great things and are fed on quite trivial ones. We hear that Signora Duse is coming and Max Reinhardt and it is hard to believe. The cheap theatrical theater seems so strong, so almost impregnable. Year after year the same claptrap, the same grimy moral fallacies, the same broken-backed last acts, the same tinsel, almost the same words. These things engulf you. You wonder: Is there a great theater? Does this fog ever end? It almost chokes you. Memory sustains you much more than hope. . . .

I looked forward to "A Lesson in Love" (Thirty-ninth Street Theater) by Rudolf Besier and May Edgington. It proved to be but another of the innumerable progeny of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." The lady does not elope with the gentleman not because she has moral scruples, not because she doubts the quality of his feeling for her or hers for him, but because, because, wherever they go the wives of the resident Anglican clergymen will never, never come to tea. And unless the ladies come to tea life is a blunder and a shame. Thus lady number two, the lady who points the moral, though hers was a great love and she swears she would do it all over again, sobs most heartbreakingly over the memory of the fact that she had to send her gift to the baby of the Anglican clergyman and his wife anonymously. What a shattering misfortune! If she was secure in her righteousness why did she bother? What trivial people! The word is not mine. Somerset Maugham applied it in "The Circle" to people in this precise situation who took precisely this attitude. The fresh air that blows in the British novel of the better kind has not reached the drama. Here all is musty and stale like a house that hasn't been opened and aired for years. The mildew is beginning to creep over things. There are moments of emotional power and truth. You must disallow even these in view of the preposterous ending. Mr. William Faversham is very persuasive; he has both elegance and emotional genuineness, a rare combination. Miss Emily Stevens is enormously resourceful, technically equipped and ready beyond one's dreams, and leaves you icy. Miss Gilda Leary is unaffectedly moving; Mr. Edward Emery gives the best performance thus far of the season. He creates a character; he does so with understanding, with zest, with conviction and inner delight. He communicates that understanding and delight. A really delectable bit of work.

"Chicken Feed" (Little Theater) is the annual offering of John Golden and Winchell Smith, chief purveyors of the pure, sweet, clean, wholesome drama. The play is by Guy Bolton and is false and therefore the reverse of wholesome. But the very astute formula requires the salting of the concoction with a number of observations and incidents that have a superficial veracity. These the audience gulps down with unhesitating delight. How like you and me! Then it floats on upon the dream of successful business, happy married love, and a new car. The happiness in love that it dreams of is a terrible thing. It is based on the fact that a man needs a housekeeper and that women being by nature "bossy" can best exercise that propensity in the "home." This conclusion is felt by the audience to be both elevating and just. The play will run through the season.

Casanova! I thought of Schnitzler and of the glittering and pathetic old rogue himself. What I found at the Empire was a decoration seasoned with a romantic sentiment untrue to the man and to his age. The piece is by Lorenzo de Azertis and is translated by Sidney Howard. The author of "Swords" is evidently tied to the *panache* made of imitation feathers. As a pantomime "Casanova" is very lovely. How entrancing the eighteenth century is! Its costumes and manners and gestures and interiors are, however rich, of so grave a beauty, so divine an elegance. You see them and think of an air of Händel, an aria of Gluck. You can do so at "Casanova" even while you are listening to the incidental music of Mr. Deems Taylor, who has a delicate and sensitive and almost poetic vein in writing of this kind. The fable of the play is fluff. The acting is mediocre. Mr. Lowell Sherman, escaped from a long stage career of dark and heavy villainy, hasn't a moment of truth or nature; Miss Katherine Cornell, that gifted and charming actress, does her best with the little that there is. The introductory ballet, devised by Fokine, is pleasing.

But, after all, you get more ballet and ballet not strikingly inferior to this at the revues. The Greenwich Village Follies (Winter Garden) is not equal to last year's. The spectacle is rather inchoate. There was no harmony, no "composition" at all. I missed all evening the exquisite Marjorie Petersen. The "Music Box Revue," on the other hand, is charming. There are the salt of wit and satire furnished by Robert Benchley and a skit by George Kaufman; there are the quaintly engaging Brox Sisters; there are Florence O'Denishawn and a wonderful little dancer named Dorothy Dilley and Mme Dora Stroeva, a Russian *diseuse* who projects atmosphere and poetry and a kind of tragic humor, and dances and tableaux that delight the eye. Of the revues of the present season the most beautiful are the Vanities at the Earl Carroll theater and the Music Box Revue.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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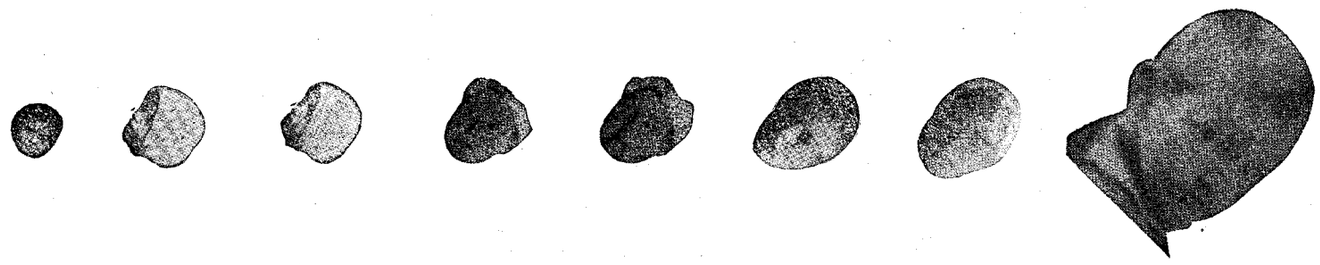

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